

THE LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY RADIO MAGAZINE

Radio Stars

34
N/E

O

NTS

PROGRAMS

for the entire
month

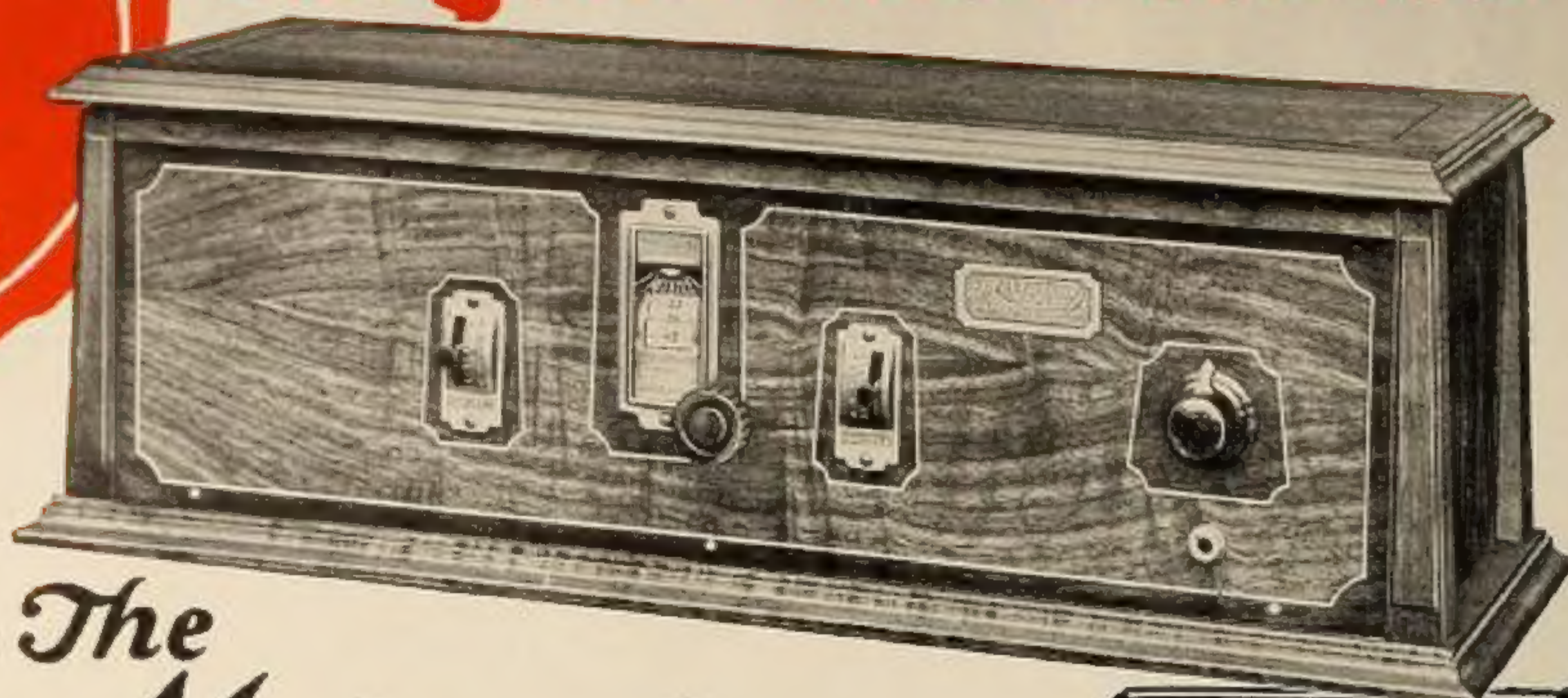
Posed by
JIMMY
DURANTE

JIMMY DURANTE FOR DICTATOR

**30
DAYS
FREE
TRIAL**

7 Tube Set

Single Dial Radio



Metrodyne Radio Sets

Are Equipped
For

**BATTERY or
ELECTRIC**
operation

The
Metrodyne
ONLY ONE DIAL TO TUNE

Retail Price

\$75⁰⁰

Completely Assembled
**Big Discounts to
Agents and Dealers**

Wonderful offer direct from the factory! The world's greatest radio! A perfect working, single dial control, 7 tube receiver! And just to prove our claims, we will ship it to your home for **30 days' free trial**. Test it under all conditions. Test it for distance, volume and tonal quality—and if you are not convinced that it is the **best single dial set** you ever heard, return it to the factory. We don't want your money unless you are completely satisfied.

**Three Year
Guarantee**

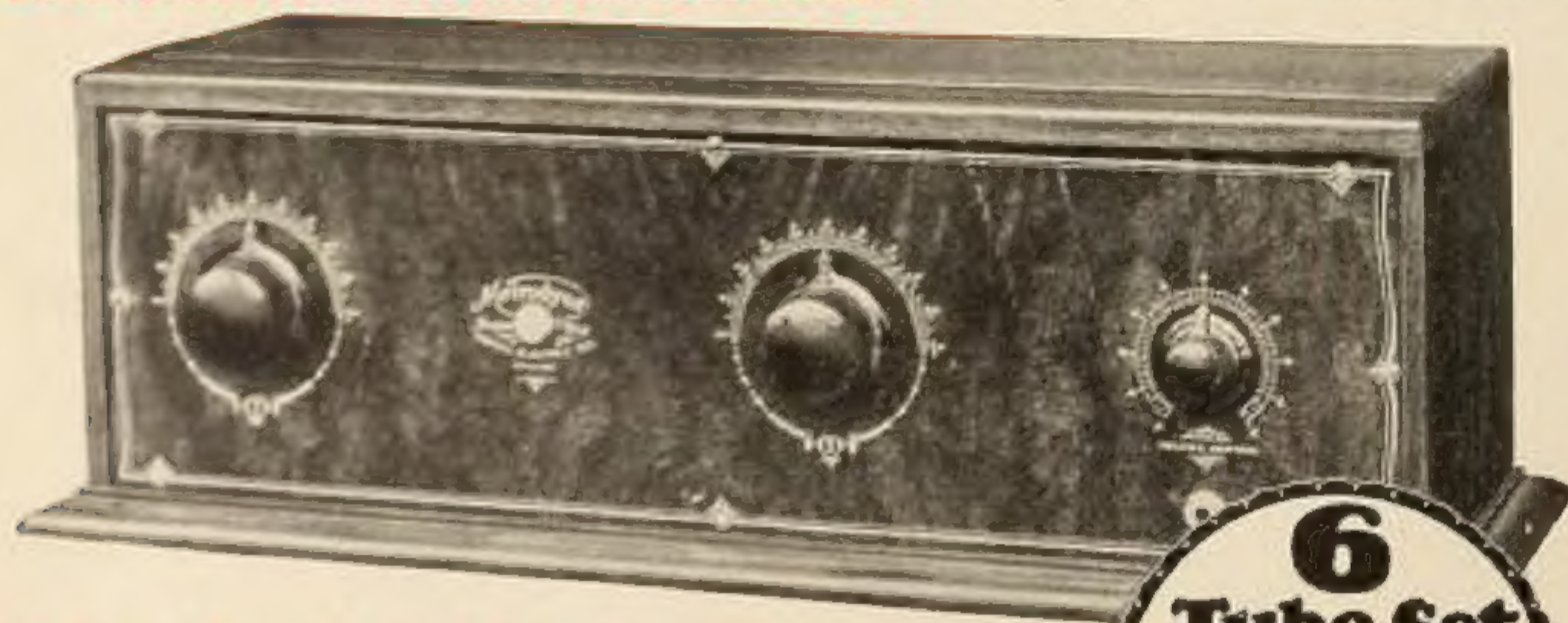
Metrodyne Super-Seven Radio

BIG PROFITS TO AGENTS AND DEALERS

Our Agents and Dealers make big money selling Metrodyne Sets. You can work all or part time. Demonstrate the superiority of Metrodynes right in your home. Metrodyne Radios have no competition. Lowest wholesale prices. Demonstrating set on 30 days' free trial. Greatest money-making opportunity. Send coupon, a letter or a postal for our agent's proposition.

A single dial control, 7 tube, coast to coast radio set. Tested and approved by Popular Science Institute of Standards, Popular Radio Laboratory, Radio News Laboratory and by America's leading Radio Engineers. Designed and built by radio experts. Only the highest quality low loss parts are used. Magnificent, two-tone walnut cabinet with beautiful, gilt metal trimmings. Very newest 1928 model, embodying all the latest refinements.

Easiest set to operate. Only one small knob tunes in all stations. The dial is electrically lighted so that you can log stations in the dark. The volume control regulates the reception from a faint whisper to thunderous volume, **1,000 to 3,000 miles on loud speaker!** The Metrodyne Super-Seven is a beautiful and efficient receiver, and we are so sure that you will be delighted with it, that we make this liberal **30 Days' Free Trial Offer**. You to be the judge.



30 Days' Free Trial—3 Year Guarantee

Metrodyne Super-Six

Another triumph in radio. Here's the new 1928 model Metrodyne 6-tube, two-dial, long distance receiving set. Approved by leading radio engineers of America. Highest grade low loss parts, completely assembled in a beautiful walnut cabinet. Easy to operate. Dials easily logged. Tune in your favorite station on same dial readings every time—no guessing.

Mr. Howard, of Chicago, said: "While five Chicago broadcasting stations were on the air I tuned in seventeen out-of-town stations, including New York and San Francisco, on my loud speaker horn, very loud and clear, as though they were all in Chicago."

We are one of the pioneers of radio. The success of Metrodyne sets is due to our liberal 30 days' free trial offer, which gives you the opportunity of trying before buying. Thousands of Metrodynes have been bought on our liberal free trial basis.

**6
Tube Set
\$48⁵⁰**

RETAIL PRICE
Completely
Assembled

**Mail This
Coupon**
or send a postal or letter. Get
our proposition before buying
a radio. Deal direct with manu-
facturer.
SAVE MONEY — WRITE NOW!

MAIL COUPON BELOW

Let us send you proof of Metrodyne quality—our **30 days' free trial offer and 3 year guarantee**

Mrs. Wm. Leffingwell, Westfield, N. J., writes: "The Metrodyne Radio I bought of you is a wow! This is as good as any \$225 machine I have ever seen."

N. M. Greene, Maywood, Ill., writes: "My time is up and the Metrodyne works fine. I got Havana, Cuba, Oakland, Calif., Denver, Colo., Toronto, Canada, all on the loud speaker."

J. W. Woods, Leadville, Colo., writes: "Received the 7-tube Metrodyne in fine condition. Had it up and working same day received. Was soon listening to Los Angeles, San Diego, Oakland and other California points; also St. Louis, Kansas City and other east and south stations—all coming in fine. Am more than pleased. Sure enjoying it."

We will send you hundreds of similar letters from owners who acclaim the Metrodyne as the greatest radio set in the world. A postal, letter or the coupon brings complete information, testimonials, wholesale prices, and our liberal **30 days' free trial offer**.

METRO ELECTRIC COMPANY

2161-71 N. California Ave., Dept. 21
Chicago, Illinois

Gentlemen: Send me full particulars about Metrodyne 6 tube and 7 tube sets and your **30 days' free trial offer**.

Name.....

Address.....

If you are interested in AGENT'S proposition, place an "X" in the square ☐

METRO ELECTRIC COMPANY

2161-71 N. California Ave. Dept. 21, Chicago, Illinois

RADIO STARS

Use **TINTEX**—for Everything Faded in Your Apparel and Home Decorations



*Use **TINTEX** for*

Underthings... Negligees
Dresses... Sweaters
Scarfs... Stockings... Slips
Blouses... Children's
Clothes... Men's Shirts
Curtains... Bed Spreads
Drapes... Luncheon Sets
Doilies... Slip Covers

• Color Magic for Every Fabric •

EVERY day Tintex is performing its miracle of color in millions of homes. With these simplest and quickest of all tints and dyes you, too, can make faded fabrics become new again... or you can give them different colors, if you wish.

Use easy Tintex for everything in your Spring and Summer wardrobe. And for home-decorations, too. Saves time, money and disappointment. 35 brilliant, long-lasting colors from which to choose!

PARK & TILFORD, Distributors

*On sale at drug stores and
notion counters everywhere*



Tintex *World's
Largest
Selling* Tints and Dyes

Agfa Test for Hollywood

OFFICIAL RULES

*See Advertisement
on Opposite Page*

1. Contest begins May 1 and ends September 15, 1934. Mail all snapshots to Agfa, 6331 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, California, on time for their receipt not later than midnight September 15, 1934.
2. Enter as many snapshots as you wish of the same person. Suggested poses: full-face; three-quarter view; profile; full-length.
3. On back of each snapshot, print full name and address of person photographed (the entrant); also name and address of dealer from whom films are purchased.
4. Include with each entry: Two Agfa roll film cartons or one Agfa 16mm. carton or approximate hand-drawn facsimiles. An entry consists of one or more snapshots of the same person sent in at the same time.
5. No entries will be returned. All pictures are mailed at owner's risk. Do not send negatives.
6. Semi-final selection of twenty-five entrants for regional screen tests will be made by Agfa Casting Director, who will notify each by telegram.
7. Committee of Hollywood Directors and Stars will select five from the regional winners. These five will be given a free round-trip to Hollywood for final sound and screen tests.
8. From these five the Judges will select the winner who will receive guaranteed movie contract.
9. Twenty-five Ansco Movie Cameras will be awarded for snapshots of outstanding photographic excellence—all subjects.
10. Decisions of Judges are final.
11. Winners agree to give Agfa Ansco Corporation permission for the use of their pictures for publication purposes, if so requested.
12. Any resident of the United States or Canada is eligible, except individuals in the employ of the Agfa Ansco Corporation, or members of their families.

© Agfa Ansco Corporation, 1934

LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY RADIO MAGAZINE

Radio Stars

CURTIS MITCHELL, Editor

ABRIL LAMARQUE, Art Editor

FEATURES

- TROPHY ROOM** 6
Radio has its own museum It's in Ted Husing's office
- DURANTE FOR DICTATOR**..... Joseph Kent 14
Wotta idea! Think what it would mean to have our own Jimmy in the White House
- SINGING THROUGH LIFE TOGETHER**..... Adele Whitely Fletcher 16
Gladys Swarthout married the man she hated
- THE WISEST MAN IN THE WORLD**..... Frances Barr Matthews 22
Believe-It-or-Not Ripley is radio's walking encyclopedia
- NO MORE LOVE**..... Jean Pelletier 25
Have you wondered why Gertrude Niesen hasn't married?
- THEY LAUGH LAST**..... John Skinner 26
Just try to put something over on the Marx Brothers!
- MUSIC BY GERSHWIN**..... Jack Jamison 32
George Gershwin got those scars in street fights
- GOOD SAMARITANS**..... Helen Hover 34
Yes, the milk of human kindness does flow on Radio Row
- BEHIND THE SCENES OF AMERICA'S GREAT STATIONS**..... Cecil B. Sturges 38
A 9-year-old boy started WLW, the world's largest station
- WHO PAYS THE BILLS?**..... Nanette Kutner 42
'Not I,' says George Burns. 'Not I,' says Gracie Allen. Then who?
- THEY'RE ELIGIBLE**..... 44
Presenting four very good-looking lads and lassies
- THEY WIN!**..... 48
Your votes acclaim these stars America's most popular
- RADIO'S FATHER CONFESSOR**..... Lester Gottlieb 50
Artists have a habit of taking their troubles to George Hall
- DON'T FORGET TO PLAY**..... Mary Jacobs 51
Phil Dwyer knows—he nearly lost love by neglecting it
- WHAT'S HAPPENED TO SINGIN' SAM?**..... Bland Mulholland 55
He's in New York right now planning something for you
- FROM INVALID'S BED TO BROADWAY**..... Dena Reed 63
That's the trail Walter O'Keefe followed to success

DEPARTMENTS

- BOARD OF REVIEW**..... 18
- RADIO STARS' AWARD FOR DISTINGUISHED SERVICE**..... 36
- STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL**..... 52
- GADDING ABOUT WITH OUR CANDID CAMERA**..... 56
- THE BAND BOX**..... Wilson Brown 60
- WE'LL TELL THE WORLD**..... 62
- FOOD FIT FOR KINGS OF THE AIR**..... Mrs. Alice Paige Munroe 64
- IF YOU WANT TO BE BEAUTIFUL**..... Carolyn Belmont 65
- PROGRAMS DAY BY DAY**..... 66
- ALSO: RADIO STARS Magazine Gives Its First Party, 19; Chattergraphs, 28**

COVER DESIGN BY MARLAND STONE

Radio Stars published monthly and copyrighted, 1934, by Dell Publishing Co., Inc. Office of publication at Washington and South Avenues, Dunellen, N. J. Executive and editorial offices, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. George T. Delacorte, Jr., Pres.; H. Meyer, Vice-Pres.; M. Delacorte, Sec'y. Vol. 4, No. 3, June, 1934, printed in U. S. A. Single copy price 16 cents. Subscription price in the United States \$1.29 a year. Canadian subscriptions \$1.70 a year. Foreign subscriptions \$2.20 a year. Entered as second class matter August 5, 1932, at the Post Office at Dunellen, N. J., under the act of March 3, 1879. The publisher accepts no responsibility for the return of unsolicited material.

Would you like to know an excellent summertime substitute for powder? See the next issue.

Your chance for HOLLYWOOD

Here is your chance to get into the movies. Hollywood Directors want new Stars. Studio "scouts" are hunting new faces, new types. Snapshots of men, women, boys, girls, children are wanted. Directors will study them for movie possibilities! YOUR picture is wanted! If you are "different," if you are "unusual," if you are "REAL," Hollywood is anxious to study your type.

You?

Guaranteed Job in Movies

6 HOLLYWOOD AWARDS

1. A GUARANTEED contract in the movies.
2. Five Hollywood tours; all expenses paid; screen tests; meet Directors and famous stars.
3. Twenty-five expense-paid regional screen tests for Hollywood.
4. Twenty-five Ansco Movie Cameras for photo excellence—all subjects.
5. Your snapshot made available to Hollywood Directors looking for new talent.
6. Personal Casting Report for every entrant in Agfa Test.

Winner of "Agfa Test for Hollywood" will receive *guaranteed* movie contract in feature picture with famous stars in Monogram Pictures. Win publicity, fame and a chance for Stardom. Other amazing awards: Hollywood Tours—Regional Screen Tests—Movie Cameras—Personal Casting Reports!

Clear prints are wanted. Use Agfa Film for your snapshots. Accurate light and shade are necessary. Agfa Film "catches personality." Insure good pictures with Agfa Plenachrome, the high-speed, "all-weather" film. Agfa, America's finest film, is guaranteed: "Pictures that satisfy or a new roll free!"

Send in your snapshots immediately. Everyone wins casting report.

Do this . . .

Go to your film dealer today. Get free copy of official rules or see opposite page of this issue. For better pictures use Agfa Film—Comes in all popular sizes. Have snapshots taken and mail them at once to Agfa, 6331 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

FURTHER INFORMATION—SEE YOUR AGFA DEALER
FREE CONTEST BULLETIN

Ask for

Agfa Film

Guaranteed:—"Pictures that satisfy or a new roll free"



Guaranteed
packed with
every roll



KOOL

MILDLY MENTHOLATED
CIGARETTES — CORK-TIPPED



**FOR THE
HIGHEST DEGREE OF
THROAT COMFORT**

Students of smoking pleasure are graduating by the thousands to this mildly mentholated cigarette. In the first place, it's refreshing. Then, the smoke actually *is* cooler—your throat never gets dry. And KOOLS are so mildly mentholated nothing interferes with the full enjoyment of the fine tobacco flavor. Last—not least—you get a **FREE** coupon per pack. Save them for gilt-edged initialed Congress Quality U. S. Playing Cards. Other nationally-advertised premiums, too. (Offer good in U. S. A. only).

Send for illustrated premium list



Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.



Ted Husing, CBS announcer, sports commentator and master of ceremonies, in his New York office.

TROPHY ROOM

Ted Husing's office in the Columbia Broadcasting building is a museum of curios

A CERTAIN eight-by-nine inside office on the nineteenth floor of the Columbia building at Madison Avenue and Fifty-second Street, New York, is appraised at a cool million by its present incumbent—Ted Husing, sports announcer.

The walls of this hideaway are covered with framed autographed photos and drawings, a few striking sports posters, one Christmas card, size two by four feet, and a couple of square yards of art burlap onto which are pinned as many medals as can be attached thereto.

The floor space is occupied by a three-drawer metal filing case, Ted's desk and a chair, a bookcase, a big red leather club chair for distinguished visitors, and a small straight one for stenographers. On top of filing case, desk, and bookcase are microphones—plain, fancy and trick. Ted invents them and experiments with different types. Mikes are the tools of his trade, and the toys of

his leisure moments—if he ever has any.

Most of the time this little box of an office is locked and dark for Ted's job keeps him away from home base hours and days at a stretch.

Every one of those pictures and drawings holds a story and intimate association for Ted, and they are what shoot his office to such a high appraisal value.

Helen Morgan's impish face laughs down at you twice because she's been Ted's favorite actress since way back in '24 when she played "Sweet Adeline."

Of course Bing Crosby would be there. They've been pals for the past five years, going out to the coast together with the Old Gold outfit. Bing stayed to make "King of Jazz" with Paul Whiteman. At that time Bing was just one of the Rhythm Boys and they both were members of "The Fleas," a Whiteman organization. And when you're brother

Fleas—but what's behind that isn't printable.

On the wall you see Paul White-man before and—after the exotic little Margaret Livingston took him in hand. With Ted this big boy is tophole at any size.

Tarzan is there but not with his tiger skin. Johnny Weissmuller is with Bobbe Arnst, his first wife.

And Jimmy Dunn! "To Pop," he's autographed his photo. Pop is Ted! Jimmy always stops off with the Husings when he hits New York and being Irish he just naturally gets into scraps. Ted gets him out and that's how he got his nickname. And just like a Pop, Ted thinks this actor the young cock of the walk. Even ran out to Hollywood last January to see him.

You have heard how America's Sweetheart fainted the first time she went on the air. Well, as ever Ted was on the opportune spot, caught her in his arms, camera snapped, and Ted was rewarded. But Mary Pickford, never keen about having pictures of herself floating around, traded him a really good one for it. Ted being a gentleman had to give in, but it was like pulling teeth to get that prize snapshot away from him.

Dempsey is on the wall, and Tony Canzoneri. Dempsey has felt Ted's pummeling plenty, used to knock the ex-champ around the gym just for practice, says Ted. Tony, the former hairy chested, light-weight world champ is there in full glory. When Ted's fighting instincts get too much to handle he hops up to Tony's training camp and Tony retaliates by doing the night clubs with him when he's in New York.

That glamorous blonde gal next to Babe Ruth, caused Ted to lose plenty sleep—a whole good night's sleep. But he got her picture "with love from Jean." You've guessed it. It's Jean Harlow. She was doing a personal appearance in Toronto and her partner in the act took French leave, but Ted turned up and put it over. He'd heard of Jean's jam, hopped on a northbound train, sat up all night and learned the script cold. Jean—and Husing—went over big.

When Lucile LeSueur, chorus girl of the Club Richmond, turned into Joan Crawford and the biggest box office draw on Broadway she didn't forget Ted. He has her photo to prove it. Hotcha June Knight and the first Queen of Radio, Bernadine Hayes, are also there.

A head of Knute Rockne—the boy that taught Ted what it was all about—appears in a little drawing with Ted's head. There's a goat and a mule, too. Somebody sketched them all during the Army-Navy game in



*Swing into style—
with*

GRIFFIN ALLWITE for All white shoes

It cleans as it whitens . . . and gives a "new shoe" finish. That's the difference, that's the delight of GRIFFIN ALLWITE.

It won't cake, crack or rub off on clothes or upholstery, or give a chalky artificial look to your shoes. And just think, you can use it on all your white shoes, leather or fabric, including the new Mandrucca.

GRIFFIN ALLWITE is now available for as little as 10c . . . in the convenient ready-mixed bottle or the economical tube.

GRIFFIN MANUFACTURING CO., INC.
410 WILLOUGHBY AVENUE, BROOKLYN, N. Y.





The Brides of five generations ago... like



today's Brides... prized fine needlework,



stitched with smooth, even, elastic threads,



Coats or Clark's Best Six Cord. The spool-



end that says Coats or Clark's is your guide to good thread that does not fray or tangle.

FOR MORE THAN A CENTURY... AS TODAY



THE TWO GREAT NAMES IN THREAD

December, 1930. Another drawing "Husing by Flagg," proves the fast moving sports announcer actually stayed still long enough for Montgomery Flagg to get it. He endured the torture of sitting quiet for an hour because Flagg was a good friend.

Sports people? Yes, there are more. Besides Dempsey and Canzoneri, Eleanor Holm, world's Olympic backstroke swimming champ is there. And a caricature of Ted Husing, drawn by Will Gould, sports cartoonist and lots more of the same Husing, different or as others see him. When Ham Fisher the guy who created Joe Palooka needed new ideas for a comic strip he did a take-off of Ted. It appeared in the funnies a few days later and Ted unabashed hung them on his wall. The

whole Army football team of 1930 is hanging up, and the captain, C. M. Rosendahl, Commander of the Shenandoah, who never had a crack-up in all his years of flying until that fatal trip of the big dirigible.

That swell big poster, Christmas card, rather, that takes up a couple of feet one way and twice as much the other way, is a woodcut by Edwin Carl Harling.

You never want to leave that office if you've had the good luck to slip in when the door was unlocked, but you'll make a quick exit whoever you are. Ted is always direct and never minces words—"Listen, you," sez he, "I'm busy or gotta be busy—no, you can't wait and copy any of the autographs—sorry—SCRAM."

Notes From Our Memo Pad

LYNX-EARED listeners-in have been writing to inquire about the sudden departure from the ether waves of a popular CBS announcer, red-headed, blue-eyed Don Ball. You'll remember he used to say: "Your Town Crier—Alexander Woolcott," after ringing a big brass bell a couple of times. He also announced the Voice of Experience and Edwin C. Hill's programs of news comment. Well, here's the answer. Don has been promoted to an executive job. He is now Columbia's Assistant Manager in Charge of Productions.

WHEN Vivien Ruth of the Happy Bakers' program at CBS moved into a New York apartment recently, she missed, more than anything else, the pets she left behind in Passaic, New Jersey. But she's solved the problem by buying a gorgeous new pet. It is a beautiful pure white kitten with pink eyes and an adorable pink mouth. Its fur is fully three inches long and its name, because of an undeniable facial resemblance, is "Alexander Woolcott." The pet is fully housebroken—never gives a bit of trouble. It's stuffed.

FOR the record: Freeman H. Talbot, director of KOA in Denver, is the father of a new daughter, Janet Folliard. Congrats!

DR. JOHN R. BRINKLEY, whose license to operate XER at Villa Acuna was cancelled by the Mexican government, is now at work dismantling the station. The cancellation followed charges that the doctor had violated communications and health board laws with his medical talks. That, you'll remember, is the reason he was run out of Kansas. But Dr. Brinkley is a man not to be defeated. In an exclusive story to RADIO STARS last year he stated that he'd build his station on a raft in the ocean if necessary. And we wouldn't be a bit surprised if he did just that.

IF you should tune in NBC's red-WEAF network from 3 to 4 p.m. EDST on May 18th or Fridays thereafter and hear the

Maxwell House Show Boat, don't think your set has gone hay-wire. The truth is, it's sponsor is putting on a matinee performance—the first time that's been done in radio. Captain Henry, Lanny Ross, Annette Hanshaw and the rest of the gang will be on hand. In fact the only difference between this matinee and the regular Thursday night performance will be the fact that Certo is the product to be advertised in the afternoon while coffee will hold the night plugs.

A GIRL by the name of Peggy Garcia is suing a man by the name of Dave Rubinoff on a charge known as breach of promise for a sum said to be \$100,000. Dave says it's a frame-up.

RECOMMENDED: The new CBS baritone, Bill Huggins, now holding forth Mondays at 4 p. m. and Fridays at 2 p. m. EST. He's a new find sent to the network by WJSV in Washington and he's plenty good.

HERE and there among the music makers: Bob Crosby, singer with Anson Weeks, is Bing's brother... Baby Rose Marie's new pianist, Jack Carroll, formerly served in the same capacity for Sophie Tucker... You can address him as "Professor" Jack Denny now that the New York Schools of Music have conferred this honorary title on the maestro and offered him a teaching post in their institute. They want him to instruct embryo band leaders in the technical phases of baton wielding... Two new songs by Johnny Green, composer of such hits as "I Cover the Waterfront" and "Body and Soul," are "Easy Come, Easy Go" and "Reunion in Spring." Edward Heyman did the lyrics, and the title for "Easy Come, Easy Go" was suggested by Announcer David Ross.

EDWARD A. GUEST, poet of long standing in the press and more recently of the air, is married and has two children, Edgar, Jr., aged 21, and Janet, aged 11.

RADIO STARS

RUBINOFF and an NBC page boy came to blows the other Sunday night just before a Chase and Sanborn program in Radio City. It seems that ole Massa Rubinoff tried to get a bunch of his family and friends into the broadcast without proper tickets. The page boy, loyal to his strict orders, said he was sorry but it wasn't permitted. Rubinoff, because he happened to be working on that program, thought there should be an exception to the rule. Words followed. Then blows. The conclusion to this little tale is that Rubinoff didn't get a shiner and the page boy lost his job.

RADIO ROW is mourning the passing of Gene Rodemich, leader of the Manhattan Merry-Go-Round orchestra. His death came rather suddenly and was a shock to his many friends in the profession.

AFTER a vacation of nearly three months, Lee Wiley, the Oklahoma songster, is back on the air. For three years in a row she was a feature of the Pond's program. Now she's a feature of the Krait Phoenix program along with Paul Whiteman and his entertainers. Three years with one sponsor, if you didn't know, is something of a record for a girl singer.

HOW long does it take to write a musical composition? Charles Runyan, NBC organist, wrote "Darkness," one of his most successful orchestral numbers, in half an hour—but took six months to write "Rhapsody for Saxophone" which requires less than ten minutes to play.



Ruth Etting has one of the biggest of Columbia networks—thanks to Oldsmobile's wise judgement.

S A V A G E

excitement for lovely lips



TANGERINE
FLAME
NATURAL
BLUSH

Excitingly, savagely, compellingly lovely... this freshly different lipstick whose alluring shades and seductive smoothness bring to lips the sublime madness of a moon-kissed South Sea night! Yes, Savage does exactly that, for it colors the lips without coating them with charm-destroying paste. Apply like ordinary lipstick... rub it in... nothing will remain on your lips but ravishing, transparent color... color that clings... savagely!

**LARGE
SIZE
SAVAGE**
In exquisite silver
case, may be ob-
tained at the more
exclusive toilet
goods counters.

\$2



Select Your Color by Test

You can't possibly obtain your most suitable shade of lip color without actual trial on your own skin. Savage invites you to test all four shades on your wrist... at the Savage Shade Selector displayed wherever this thrilling new lip color is sold. Savage, Chicago.

20¢ AT ALL LEADING 10¢ STORES

This is the
MODERN WAY
to
prevent odor



HERE is the new easy-to-use deodorant. Instantly it gives protection for the day! Never before has the problem of perspiration odor been so neatly and effectively solved.

Just hold Perstik like a lipstick—and apply. Fingers and nails never touch the deodorant itself. No wonder the beauty advisers to more than 10 million women hail Perstik as the perfect way to underarm freshness.

Awarded the Good Housekeeping Seal of Approval

The wives of thousands of American physicians prefer Perstik because it cannot irritate the skin, even after shaving. Not can it injure fabrics. Use it the first thing in the morning, and slip right into your dress.

Say goodbye forever to the fear of abhorrent body odor. The daily use of Perstik keeps you sure of yourself at all times.

In buying Perstik, be certain to get *real* Perstik, in the handsome new black-and-ivory case with the name "Perstik" right on the cap. Perstik is sold at all stores from coast to coast. Perstik, 469 Fifth Avenue, New York City.



Perstik
THE EASY-TO-USE DEODORANT



Peter Dixon always consults with the kiddies when he writes the "Bobby Benson" and "Sunny Jim" sketches for CBS.

Let's Gossip About Our Favorites

FRANK PARKER, romantic and eligible tenor of the Cities Service, A. & P., and General Tire programs at NBC, is having his troubles. Right now he's faced with a \$50,000 heart balm suit.

A person by the name of Ann Green Christy, stage star of the Weber and Fields days, is living with her husband, Louis G. Christy, simply "because she has no other place to go," according to an affidavit filed by Christy in Supreme Court. He and Ann according to Christy were married in 1921, and lived happily until 1924, when they met Parker. Ann lived with Parker as his wife until the following year, her husband claims, and then came home again. The Christys remained together until July, 1931, when Parker dropped in on them again. Before he knew it, Christy avers, Ann walked out again.

Then Christy is reported to have told the court: "She is still madly infatuated and in love with the defendant, whose picture is constantly around her room. She listens to him daily on the radio, never missing a program, and has ceased, failed and refused to act as my wife. She openly avows that she no longer professes any love or affection for me. She remains in my home as a housekeeper and as a matter of convenience."

We may expect that Parker will file a general denial.

THE announcer on the big new Sal Hepatica-Ipana program of which that serious-faced funny fellow, Fred Allen, is master of ceremonies, is Edmund M. (Tiny) Ruffner, genial talker of the Showboat program.

IF your set is one of those that can get Europe, don't be surprised to hear British announcers say, "It is exactly 16 o'clock." For regardless of what your school teacher taught you, when the announcer says 16 o'clock he means 16 o'clock. Or 24 o'clock, as the case might be.

It's all due to the fact that the British Broadcasting Corporation is now using the 24-hour clock system. The system, it is pointed out, has the advantage of avoiding confusion between a. m. and p. m. and is considered particularly applicable to broadcasting. Under the system, 1 p. m. is 13 o'clock, 2 p. m. is 14 o'clock and so on up to 24 o'clock which is midnight.

LANNY ROSS is in Hollywood acting in "Grease Paint" with W. C. Fields. His first movie "Melody in Spring," is now making the rounds of American theatres.

FOR nine years, since her start with the first dramatic stock company to go on the air from station WGY, Schenectady, N. Y., Rosaline Greene, NBC actress, has been receiving letters from a listener, a chronic invalid, who never misses a broadcast in which Miss Greene appears, and never fails to tell her how her voice pleases him.

SO you won't hurl bookends at the radio when it plays "Smoke Gets In Your Eyes" forty odd times a night, John Royal, NBC's vice-president in charge of programs, has issued an order forbidding more than one playing of a popular song a night over his networks between six and eleven p. m. The first show to apply for permission to use a song will be the first served.

RADIO STARS

THE combination cigar and news stand in the lobby of the Columbia building in New York has gone literary in a big way. The reasons are three books by CBS artists: Edwin C. Hill's "The Human Side of the News," Alexander Woollcott's "While Rome Burns" and David Ross "Poet's Gold"—all of them big sellers with other artists and broadcast visitors.

IF you've heard the rumor that one of the Mills Brothers is dead, forget it. It's not so.

THE moon is higher than love and you can take the word of Will Donahson, arranger for the Men About Town trio. In a survey of fan mail received on their three-a-week Happy Baker program, the song cycles featuring the moon rated 1103 letters against 742 for love songs. Who's mooning now?

ENOUGH water to supply the daily wants of more than 6,000 average families will be used each day to cool the giant 100 kilowatt tubes to be installed in the new mammoth 500,000 watt transmitter plant now under construction for the Crosley Radio Corporation station WLW in Cincinnati. One million gallons of water will circulate daily through this cooling system.

ALTHOUGH Agnes Moorehead, NBC actress, was a minister's daughter, she started her career as a dancer with the Municipal Opera in St. Louis.

ON the air and stage, Olsen and Johnson are inseparable. But almost every night Ole Olsen turns up at some prominent night spot minus Chic Johnson. An investigation revealed that Johnson was retiring early so that he could get up at dawn to build a new chicken house for the one hundred hens and roosters on his farm near Libertyville, North Shore suburb of Chicago.



Fred Allen gets intimate with the mike on his "Hour of Smiles" program.

Equals \$1 to \$3 Brands in Quality



yet FAOEN BEAUTY AIDS
COST ONLY 10¢

Every smart woman knows that it's the purity of the cosmetics she uses and not the price she pays that protects her complexion and enhances her beauty! So when a famous firm of analytical chemists certified that...

"every Faoen product tested is as pure and fine as products of like nature sold for \$1, \$2 and \$3"...

the loveliest women in America promptly became Faoen-wise! Try Faoen Beauty Aids! They are exquisite as well as economical.

PARK & TILFORD'S
FAOEN

BEAUTY AIDS

10¢ each at
the better 5 & 10¢ Stores

• CLEANSING CREAM • COLD CREAM
• FACE POWDER • ROUGES • PERFUMES

PEGGY GETS REALLY KISSED



Try the Stage and Movie Lipstick

Have the same "lip appeal" that the movie stars and Broadway actresses have. Use the same lipstick! It is the new **KISS-PROOF** Indelible Lipstick—*Special Theatrical Color*! This lipstick is so wonderful, it has been placed by the make-up experts in the dressing rooms of the Hollywood Studios and New York Theatres! Price is no object here—but the experts have found that inexpensive **KISSPROOF** gives matchless allure to the actresses. It will do the same for you.

Use it tonight! You will be thrilled! You can get it in all shades, including the new *Special Theatrical Color*, at any toilet goods counter and at the 10¢ stores.

Kissproof

Indelible LIPSTICK



Nathaniel Shilkret in action on an "Evening in Paris" program over CBS. Shilkret is just about the busiest maestro in radio with the Palmolive, Smith Brothers and Hall of Fame shows to direct each week.

With the Bandsmen

● **Clyde McGray**, the "Sugar Blues" trumpet and orchestra leader, after nearly ten years in the art, has decided to find out what radio is like from the audience. He just bought his first radio!

● **Biograph** actor **Leon Belasco** was born **Leonid Semnovich Berladsky** in Odessa, Russia, about twenty-nine years ago. And **Leonid Semnovich Berladsky** he remained until **Morton Downey** told him that it sounded in English like some epidemic. It has been **Leon Belasco** to everybody since.

● **If I Had a Million**... What would you do with one million snackers? Here's what some of the bobby swing-ers would do.

Howard Barlow would organize a symphony orchestra of his own with which he would experiment. **Fredie Rich** would invest part of his million in a trust fund to secure financial independence for the rest of his life and use the rest to found an organization for the betterment of American composers and their work. **Little Jack Little** would purchase a ranch in Arizona and invest the rest as wisely as possible. **Guy Lombardo**, without hesitation, tells us he would utilize the money in building speedboats and fast sailing craft so that he could become another **Gat Wood** and **America's Cup**

Defender combined. **Fred Waring**, after he had established an annuity of substantial value for himself, would like to contribute to the development of music and singing in American colleges. **George Hall** says that he would satisfy two life ambitions—one to have all the best things in life and the other to finance a symphony orchestra which he would conduct in light opera and other worthwhile music for the masses. **Frank Black** says, "I'd be a pianist, or an arranger. I believe I could do it all over again." There you are. Let's wait until they've amassed their millions and check up on 'em.

● **Hodge-podge**: **Will Donaldson**, arranger for the **Men About Town**, is making thirty-three arrangements a week, a new high in vocal work.

Victor Young has the largest collection of hotel menus in radio. The reason is that he often writes down a strain of music on the back of one and takes it home for a song... **Big Freddy Miller**, the CBS baritone, tells a story on **Dave Rubinoff** about the time Dave was a fiddler in a band Freddy conducted. When Dave stepped out for a minute, the band boys put limburger cheese in Rubinoff's fiddle just before a solo. Rubinoff sold the fiddle for \$5.

● Meet **Bobby Jones**, first trumpet player with the **Casa Loma Orchestra** of

RADIO STARS

CBS fame. No, Bobby Jones, the golfer, hasn't turned musical. This is Bobby Jones "Not the Golf Player." And that's the way they have to introduce him to avoid confusion.

● When Fred Waring left his job at a livery at Tyrone, Pa. (Pop. 9,000) a little over a decade ago to head the band with his ramshackle orchestra, the same folks thought he was headed straight for a psychopathic ward. On his return recently from his mildest vaudeville excursion, he stopped for a day at Tyrone. Fred was bringing his bride, Evelyn Nurr, home to present her to his mother and father. The town gave them a willoping charivari—a parade lasting nearly three hours—with twelve bands and nine bugle corps participating. In the evening, Fred and Tom andoley McClintock, all Tyrone boys, and the rest of the Old Gold troupe, played for a dance at the Reliance Shirt Factory hall attended by 6,500 persons. Fred, where were the other 2,500?

● With WBBM Chicago and KFAB Lincoln, Nebraska, synchronized after 10 p. m., Columbia found it necessary to improve its late dance programs. WBBM hired Harry Sosnik and the Edgewater Beach orchestra line from NBC. NBC's feeling toward Sosnik had been cold ever since last September when the Sweet Revue for which Sosnik provides the orchestra music went to CBS, reputedly because NBC couldn't beat stations quickly enough to suit the sponsors. CBS' attempt to attract some of WGN's (independent stations) bands—Wayne King, Jan Garber, Hal Kemp, Charlie Agnew, Earl Burtnett and Richard Cole—has failed. Other Chicago CBS orchestras are Ace Bugold, Henry Busse, Art Kadin.



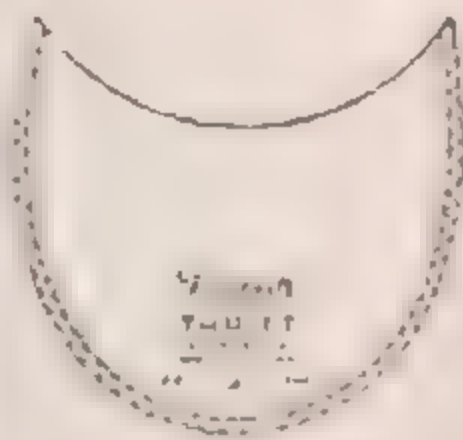
She could have saved it

WITH

Kleinert's

T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

DRESS SHIELDS



AS LOW AS

25¢

A PAIR

Don't let this happen to you! Protect your dresses with genuine Kleinert's Dress Shields—then you *know* they're safe from friction, perspiration or chemicals. Ask for Kleinert's at the Notion Counter of the store where you bought this magazine—you can have Kleinert's guaranteed protection for as little as 25c a pair.



The dapper Eddie Duchin makes music or the Central Park Casino and Pepsi-Cola's face powder show over NBC.

DURANTE



Imagine yourself in a nation ove

By JOSEPH KENT

What this country needs is a dictator. We need a man who can make us laugh our way out of the depression, who can tickle us into prosperity. A dictator, that's the answer. For that tough job, we nominate Jimmy Durante, clown and philosopher of movies and the Chase & Sanborn Sunday night Java show.

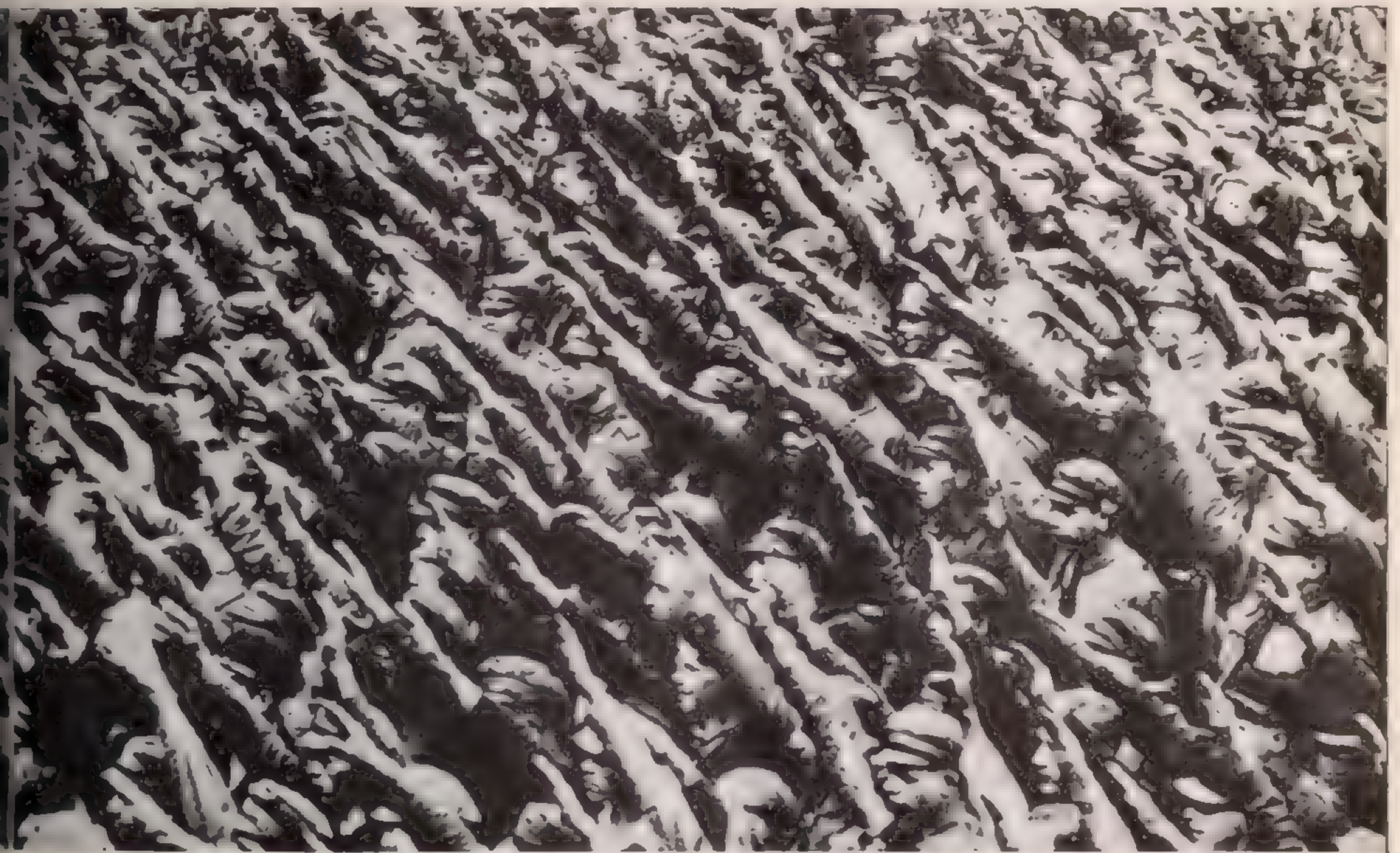
CAN do without the dictatorship, but can the dictatorship do without me?"

With these stirring words, Jimmy Durante flung the gauntlet at his political opponents and hopped on Radio Stars band wagon.

Jimmy Durante for dictator. What an idea! It's ex-cruciatin'. It's terrific. It's mortifyin'.

"I'll be a tycoon," says Jimmy, quoting from his recent

FOR DICTATOR!



which Jimmy Durante was sole ruler. It's terrific! It's colossal!

ker, "I got the world by the elbow. You know my reputation for disintegrity, you know my unbroken record of defeat. You know me—me wit' my sharp chisel features. Am I the perfect dictator! Look at me. Ahhhhh!" Jimmy vibrated, his schmozzola raised wantonly, his eyes challenged you with demonic hilarity.

It's in the bag. Jimmy's practically dictator now. What program he's dictated for these United States! Take a look at him. In Hollywood, for example. There's a big party on. Everybody's in bib and tucker. It's a great affair. Jimmy's invited. As a host, you can't get along without him, but you hold your breath and keep an eye on your furniture while he's there.

What's furniture to Jimmy, our dictator-to-be? It's much more important to be happy, and Jimmy's happiest when he's breaking up furniture or tearing down draperies. Till Jimmy arrives, everything's pretty dull. Then he comes in. He throws his hat into the punch bowl, or pounds it beneath his relentless heel on the threshold. People start laughing at the very sight of this man's ever-like face. You don't coax him to entertain—he's at the piano before you have a chance. He never sings a song through to the end—and if he does, you don't know it over. You haven't time to think about that. In a moment, Jimmy's up from the piano stool, pulling a vicious gag on some gal who's leaning over the piano

giving the song her okay. Likely as not, Jimmy will borrow her pearls and distribute the necklace—pearl by pearl, among the guests. All the while a mad, nonsensical, chatter tumbles from his lips in that hoarse, strained voice frequently raised to an abandoned shriek to be heard above the roars of laughter and yells of encouragement.

He attacks the piano again and pounds out a song. Maybe it's "Jimmy the well-dressed man" or something equally absurd he makes up on the spur of the moment to tie up with a guest's random remark. And now the real fun begins. Jimmy leaps from the piano again, heads for a picture to straighten it and lands on top of it on the floor as the hook pulls from the molding. That's good, too. And if you wait around—which you surely will—you're apt to see him rattle the draperies for a swooning gag. That's the end of the drapes.

What a dictator! Everybody's laughing—except the host. Think what America will do with those boys in Washington, D. C. We Americans don't like coups d'états. They're mortifying. If we get Durante we won't need one. When he gets up on the platform during a congressional session he'll have those boys rolling in the aisles. And if he keeps it up, they'll roll right out the door.

And as for the opposition: a fox on them. We'd like to see the champion filibuster out-filibuster Durante. It can't be done.

(Continued on page 85)

SINGING THROUGH

By PEGGY WELLS



(Top) The pretty singer of the Palmolive Beauty Box Theatre program (Tuesdays on NBC at 10:00 p. m. EDT) and her singing husband (Right) She is such a lovely lady. No wonder her life (and her husband) is filled with song and music. Gladys is in costume as "Natalie" in the production of the "Merry Widow."



ANOTHER Spring had come to Florence. Once again the coppery green Arno flowed slowly beneath a warm sun. The flower women at the Ponte Vecchio and the Ponte Trinita smiled as they arranged their fragrant wares. The cabbies pushed their stove pipe hats further back on their heads and flicked be tasseled whips at reluctant horses.

In one of the old barouches rolling along the Lungarno rode Gladys Swarthout, the promising young mezzo soprano and her sister, Roma. And the eyes of the pedestrians strolling along that famed river turned most often and lingered longest on their carriage, for both women, with their swift animated American talk, were very young and very lovely.

"You must," Roma told her sister, "you simply must meet the Chapmans. They're delightful. He's been studying with Mugnone. He has a magnificent baritone, and

LIFE TOGETHER

Gladys Swarthout said Frank Chapman was affected, conceited, intolerant



Tigers nor nothin' could scare these two musicians who have found ultimate joy and happiness in each other. They play together, work together, sing together—for them the future shall be all too short a time.

It's terribly amusing and popular. Everyone takes an interest. "They have the Villa Compara. They have Giotto frescoes on their walls, my dear, and Frank positively insists that at night the ghost of an old monk prowls about swinging a censor."

Roma, you see, was married to the American Vice Consul and living in Florence. Gladys was visiting her. "Has Mr. Chapman actually seen this ghost?" Gladys asked, twirling her parasol. "If so, indeed! I must meet him—and ask him one hundred questions!"

"Well no," Roma granted, "Frank's never seen the ghost as I understand it, but on damp nights he's smelt of it intense."

"However, it's not because Frank Chapman lives with a ghost that I want you to meet him, Gladys. It's for himself, he's quite colorful. During the war he served with the Eleventh Marines. He was in the publishing business, too, I believe, but he gave it up because he's a born musician, and he knew he'd never be happy doing anything that wasn't musical."

"You'll love him, my dear!" "If only," sighed Gladys, signalling the driver to stop, "she might buy purple and golden irises, 'if only he'd actually seen the ghost I'd be more intrigued.'"

"We'll see him, likely enough at the opera tonight," Roma told her apparently disinterested sister.

But Gladys, holding her flowers at arm's length to admire their color in the sun, scarcely heard.

They did see Frank Chapman that night—in the lobby. Roma could have shaken Gladys, she wasn't rude, but neither was she very warm or responsive.

It wasn't until you, that this good sister had any ideas about introducing, hardly for Frank Chapman was married. So was Gladys—to a man fifteen years or more her senior and whom she loved devotedly. It was just that Roma wanted Frank Chapman when she found utterly charming and Gladys of whom she was frightfully proud to like one another.

"I'm sorry," Gladys told her later, when pressed for her opinion of Frank. "But I really didn't like your friend, Roma darling. I thought him affected, and conceited, and intolerant."

Roma raised her eyes to the Italian heavens. Roma sighed. At the time there was little she could say. She has, however, had a great deal to say since, as you might imagine.

The next meeting between Frank Chapman and Gladys Swarthout also took place at the opera, but this time in New York. Shortly after he had gained distinction in his American debut as Valentine in "Faust," and she as La Cieca in "Cio-cio-san."

Two years had elapsed. (Continued on page 92)

BOARD of REVIEW



Curtis Mitchell
RADIO STARS Magazine, Chairman
Alton Cook
New York World-Telegram, N. Y. C.
S. A. Coleman
Wichita Beacon, Wichita, Kan.
Norman Siegel
Cleveland Press, Cleveland, O.
Andrew W. Smith
News & Age-Herald, Birmingham, Ala.
Lecta Rider
Houston Chronicle, Houston, Texas
St. Steinhauser
Pittsburgh Press, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Leo Miller
Bridgeport Herald, Bridgeport, Conn.
Charlotte Gear
Newark Evening News, Newark, N. J.

Richard G. Moffett
Florida Times-Union, Jacksonville, Fla.
Dan Thompson
Louisville Times, Louisville, Ky.
R. S. Westergaard
Register & Tribune, Des Moines, Ia.
C. L. Kern
Indianapolis Star, Indianapolis, Ind.
Larry Walters
Chicago Tribune, Chicago, Ill.
James E. Chinn
Evening and Sunday Star, Washington, D. C.
H. Dean Fitzer
Kansas City Star, Kansas City, Mo.
Walter Ramsey
Dell Publishing Co., Hollywood, Calif.
Vivian M. Gardner
Wisconsin News, Milwaukee, Wis.

Presenting the most comprehensive review ever attempted by our critics

- ***** Excellent
- **** Good
- *** Fair
- ** Poor
- * Not Recommended

***** METROPOLITAN OPERA BROADCASTS FOR LUCKY STRIKES (NBC).
Again this program ranks No. 1.
**** A & P. GYPSIES WITH HARRY HORN- LICK (NBC).
**** AMERICAN ALBUM OF FAMILIAR MU- SIC WITH FRANK MUNN (NBC).
**** WHITE OWL PROGRAM WITH BURNS & ALLEN AND GUY LOMBARD.
**** CITIZEN SERVICE WITH JESSICA DRAG- ONETTE (NBC).
No wonder Miss Dragonette won. See page 48.
**** CHEF PROGRAM WITH WILL ROGERS (NBC).
**** FIRST NIGHTER WITH CHAS. HUGHES (NBC).
**** FLEISCHMANN HOUR WITH RUDY VALLEE (NBC).
**** EDWIN C. HILL (CBS).
The only 4-star commentator.
**** MAXWELL HOUSE SHOW BOAT (NBC).
If you want to know what we think of this program, see page 39.
**** KRAFT-PHINIX PROGRAM WITH PAUL WHITEMAN & AL JOLSON (NBC).
**** FIFTY HOUR WITH ERNO RABEE, NINO MARTINI, JANE FROMAN, JULIUS TANNEN & TED HUSING (CBS).
**** WOODBURY WITH BING CROSBY AND MILLS BROS. (CBS).
A swell combination.
**** ELDER MICHAUX & HIS CONGREGA- TION FROM WASHINGTON (CBS).
**** BAKERS BROADCAST WITH JOE PEN- NER & OZZIE NELSON'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).
Penner takes first place among comedians. See page 48.
**** WALTZ TIME WITH ABE LYMAN AND FRANK MUNN (NBC).
**** ONE MAN'S FAMILY (NBC).
We recommend this.
**** CHEVROLET PROGRAM WITH JACK BENNY (NBC).
The last time Jack will gag for Chevy.
**** JACK FRONTS MELODY MOMENTS WITH JOE PASTERNAK'S ORCHE- STRA (NBC).
Very pleasing.
**** JOHN McORMACK WITH WM. DALY'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).
**** ALBERT SPALDING, CONRAD THI- BAULT & DON VOORHEES' ORCHESTRA (CBS).
**** THE CADILLAC CONCERTS (NBC).
**** HOOVER SENTINELS (NBC).
**** HALL OF FAME (NBC).
**** THE VOICE OF FIRESTONE WITH LAWRENCE TIBBETT (NBC).
**** FRED ALLEN'S SAL NEPATICIA REVUE (NBC).
**** LORD PROGRAM WITH FRED WAKING (CBS).
**** RADIO CITY CONCERT WITH ERNO RABEE (NBC).
**** GEORGE GERSHWIN (FFENFMINT) (NBC).
**** "THE POLITICAL SITUATION IN WASH- ington Tonight" WITH FREDERICK WM. WILEY (CBS).
**** FORTY FIVE MINUTES IN HOLLYWOOD WITH MARK WARNOW'S ORCHESTRA (CBS).
**** CAMEL CARAVAN WITH THE CASA LOMA ORCHESTRA, COL. STOOPLACIE & BUDD & CONNIE BOSWELL.

**** MINNEAPOLIS SYMPHONY (CBS).
**** PONTIAC PARTY WITH RAYMOND PAIGE, KAY THOMPSON AND THE RHYTHM KINGS & THE SOUTHERN RHAPSODY CHOR (CBS).
Always interesting.
**** OLDSMOBILE WITH RUTH ETING & JOHNNY GREEN'S ORCHESTRA (CBS).
**** ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT (CBS).
If you haven't heard him you're missing something good.
**** MARCH OF TIME (CBS).
**** ANDRE KOSTELANETZ PRESENTS (CBS).
**** ROLDS AND DRUMS (CBS).
**** AMOS N' ANDY (NBC).
**** ARMOUR PROGRAM WITH PHIL BAK- ER (NBC).
**** PABST BLUE RIBBON WITH BEN KERN (NBC).
**** HOND BREAD WITH SANDERSON AND CRUMIT (CBS).
**** PHILCO NEWS COMMENTATOR— BOAKE CARTER (CBS).
**** CHASE & SANBORN COFFEE HOUR WITH RUBINOFF AND CANTOR.
Could it be those laughs?
**** ENO CRIME CLUB (NBC).
**** PHILIP MORRIS PROGRAM WITH LEO REISMAN (NBC).
**** COTIX PROGRAM WITH PHIL HARRIS (NBC).
**** LADY ESTHER SERENADE WITH WAYNE KING (NBC) (CBS).
**** REAL SILK WITH TED WIFENS (NBC).
**** MANHATTAN MERRY-GO-ROUND. PRO- GRAM OF DR. LYON'S TOOTH PASTE (NBC).
**** YEAST FOAMERS WITH JAN GANER (NBC).
**** HUDSON-ESSEX PROGRAM WITH B.A. ROLLE (NBC).
**** SINCLAIR GREATER MINSTRELS (NBC).
**** SINGING LADY (NBC).
**** LOWELL THOMAS (NBC).
**** TEXACO PROGRAMS WITH ED WYNN (NBC).
More laughs, huh?
**** BLICK PROGRAM WITH ANDRE KOS- TELANETZ (NBC).
**** SHIP OF JOY WITH CAPT. DOBBSIE (NBC).
**** WALTER WINCHELL (NBC).
**** ACCORDIANA WITH ABE LYMAN (CBS).
**** CORN COB PIPE CLUB (NBC).
**** NESTLE WITH LITHI. SHUTTA & WALTER O'KEEFE (NBC).
**** DEATH VALLEY DAYS (NBC).
**** MYRT AND MARGE (CBS).
**** EXLAX WITH GERTRUDE NEISEN AND ISHAM JONES (CBS).
**** EASY ACES (CBS).
**** WARDEN LAWES IN 20,000 YEARS IN SING SING (NBC).
Too bad it had to leave the air.
**** FITCH PROGRAM WITH WENDELL HALL (NBC).
**** SOCONYLAND SKETCHES (NBC).
**** SEALED POWER SIDE SHOW WITH CLIFF SOUBIER, MORIN SISTERS & HAROLD STOKES (NBC).
**** THE SMITH BROTHERS, TRADE AND MARK (NBC).
**** THE IPANA TROUADERS WITH LEN- NIE HAYTON'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).
**** WICH GRAPE JUICE PROGRAM WITH IRENE RICH (NBC).
**** WIS BARN DANCE (NBC).
**** HAPPY WONDER BAKERS WITH PHIL DUEY, FRANK LUTHER & JACK PARK- ER (CBS).
**** BROADWAY MELODIES WITH HELEN MORGAN (CBS).
**** GRAND HOTEL—SKETCH (NBC).
**** GEMS OF MELODY WITH MURIEL WILSON (NBC).

*** CRAZY CRYSTALS WATER PROGRA WITH GENE ARNOLD AND THE COM- MODORES (NBC).
*** TALKIE PICTURE TIME (NBC).
*** RED DAVIS SKETCH (NBC).
*** CONTENTED PROGRAM (NBC).
*** CLARA LUTIN (NBC).
*** THE VOICE OF FIRESTONE WITH RICHARD CROOKS (NBC).
*** WIZARD OF OZ (NBC).
*** BETTY AND BOB (NBC).
*** LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE (NBC).
*** HOUSEHOLD MUSICAL MEMORIES (NBC).
*** PLOUGH MUSICAL CRUISER WITH VINCENT LOPEZ (NBC).
*** DANGEROUS PARADISE WITH ELSA HETZ AND NICK DAWSON (NBC).
*** PEPSEODENT WITH FIDDL DUBBIN ORCHESTRA (NBC).
*** ONE NIGHT STANDS WITH PICK AN PAT (NBC).
*** COLGATE HOUSE PARTY WITH DO- ALD NOVIS (NBC).
*** PURE OIL SHOW WITH ARIENE JAC- SON AND HAROLD STERN (NBC).
*** ROYAL GLATINE SHOW WITH JAC PEARL (NBC).
*** OLD GOLD PROGRAM WITH TED FIO- RITO AND DICK POWELL (CBS).
When Old Gold last Waring it lost a star.
*** POND'S PROGRAM WITH MAUD ADAMS (NBC).
Didn't click like expected.
*** THE CRUISE OF THE "SETH PARKER" (NBC).
*** HARLEM SERENADE WITH CLAUD HOPKINS ORCHESTRA AND THE FI- SPIRITS OF RHYTHM (CBS).
*** THE AMERICAN REVUE WITH TH MARX BROTHERS (CBS).
*** HUBBUT PROGRAM WITH JACK DEN- NY, JEANNIE LANG AND JAC WHITING (CBS).
*** BOB TAPLINGER'S "MEET THE AR- IST" PROGRAM (CBS).
Better when Bob was the whole show.
*** BROADCASTS FROM THE BYRD EX- PEDITION (CBS).
A good piece of work.
*** LITTLE JACK LITTLE'S ORCHESTR FOR CONTINENTAL BAKING CO (CBS).
*** LOUELLA PARSONS INTERVIEW MOVIE STARS (CBS).
*** MARIE, THE LITTLE FRENCH PRIN- CESS (CBS).
*** THE PLAYBOYS, SIX HANDS ON TWO PIANOS (CBS).
*** LEO GUIZAR'S MID-DAY SERENADI (CBS).
*** LAZY DAN, THE MINSTREL MAN (CBS).
*** WARD'S FAMILY THEATRE WITH JAMES MELTON AND QUENTIN (CBS).
*** SMILING ED McCONNELL (CBS).
*** AN EVENING IN PARIS (CBS).
*** PATRIS DRAMAS OF CHILDHOOD (CBS).
*** H. V. KALTENBORN (CBS).
*** TONY WONS (CBS).
*** ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT (CBS).
*** SKIPPY (CBS).
*** CHESTERFIELD PROGRAM WITH PHILADELPHIA SYMPHONY (CBS).
*** THE MYSTERY CHIEF (CBS) (NBC).
*** THE GOLDBERGS, PEPSEODENT PRO- GRAM (NBC).
Gradually losing.
*** VOICE OF EXPERIENCE (CBS).
No likee.
*** MADAME SYLVIA OF HOLLYWOOD (NBC).
Hard to listen to.
*** SWEET REVUE WITH OLSEN AND JOHNSON (NBC).
Too much laughing on everyone's part.



Radio Stars (artists) make whoopee at RADIO STARS' (magazine) party. Here are a few of the 195 who attended. In the front row, from left to right, smiling Vincent Lopez, Freddie Rich and Leon Belasco, the maestros. Behind them are Bonnie Poe (Betty Boop), Shirley Howard, Pianists Sandra Phillips and Peggy Keenan with two friends, Tony Wons, Connie Gates, Arlene Jackson and Conrad Thibault.

David Ross, medal winner announcer, finds Adele Ronson (left) and Elaine Melchior, actresses, swell company in between ginger ales, as you can tell by his facial expression.

When the Baron Munchausen (Jack Pearl) starts telling about the time he hugged two beautiful girls, you'll know it's true. Here he is with Vera Van (left) and Shirley Howard.



RADIO STARS MAGAZINE GIVES ITS FIRST PARTY

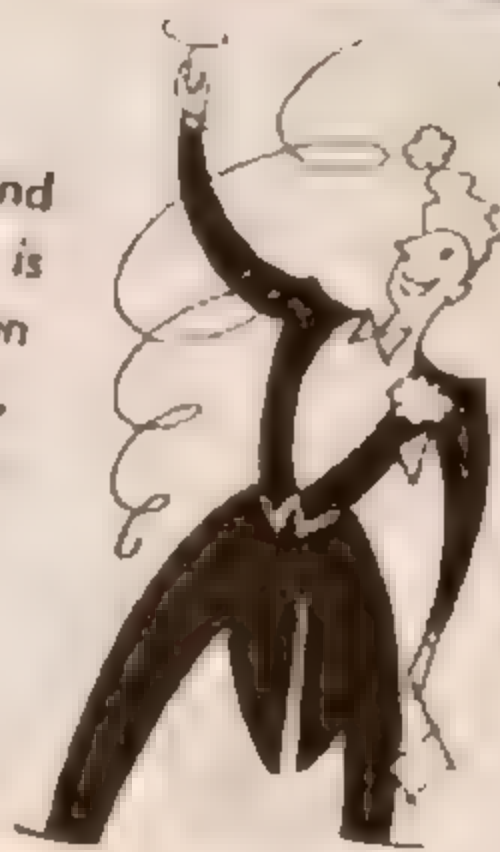
And from all over
the town come our
kings and queens
of Broadcastland
to laugh and play



RADIO STARS MAGAZINE



(Above) Here we have Jack Pearl and Charlie Hall ready for a cocktail. This is one time Sharlie was dere. And the Baron won't deny it. (Below) Conrad Thibault, baritone, and Annette Hanshaw, the blues singer who doesn't like to be called a blues singer, pose together.



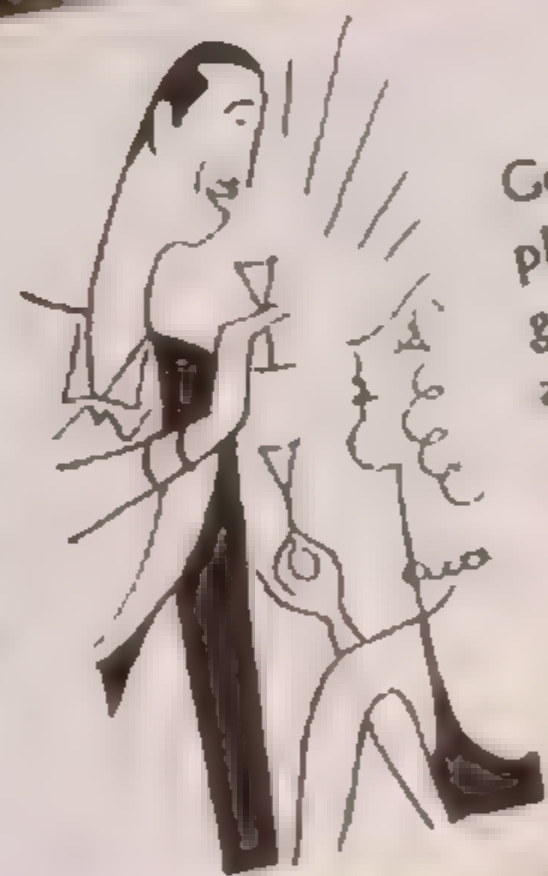
(Above) Felix Bernard, one of the "pl boys," has something to say to Alexander Gray (center) and Tony Wons. (Below) Vincent Lopez poses with the guests of honor—the three winners of RADIO STARS boner contests—J. R. Ross (left) Jacquetta Calvin and Mildred Bradley.



GIVES ITS FIRST PARTY



Johnny Green tells Lee Wiley and Victor Young (above) about his new songs. (Below, left to right) Vivien Ruth, Stephen Fox and Betty Barthell. (From the right, reading left) Ben Grauer, Harry Salter and Shirley Howard repose in peaceful relaxation as the party goes into its third hour.



Gertrude Niesen, with outstretched hands, pleads with the cameraman that he get a good shot of Mario Braggiotti, the pianist, and herself. (Below) Jacquetta Calvin, the contest winner from Shreveport, La., got a big thrill when Fred Waring asked that his picture be taken with her.



Music by GERSHWIN

By JACK JAMISON

Illustrated by
Jack Welch

TWENTY-SEVEN years ago he stole rides on trucks and swiped fruit from Italian groceries on New York's east side.

Today he signs \$100,000 contracts.

Twenty-seven years ago he was the torment of the Irish cop on the beat, starting fires in the street, smashing windows in stores and fighting. "When a Jew kid gets tough there's nothing tougher," said the cop.

Today he lives in a modernistic apartment on Riverside Drive, is a millionaire, and plays piano melodies for your loudspeaker as one of radio's Biggest Five.

"We now have George Gershwin and his intimate review of modern music—"

If you'd ever said "intimate review of modern music" to George when he was a kid he would have socked you. Just how he turned out to be a musician is a miracle. His mother and father came to America from Russia. His mother's father was an inventor. His father could sing, whistle, imitate a cornet, and coax music out of a comb covered with a certain kind of paper, but that's all the music there was in the family. His father was in business, or in and out of business. He designed cloth uppers for women's fancy high buttoned shoes. Then he was part owner of a Turkish bath. For a while he ran a cigar store and a billiard parlor. Once he was even a book-maker at a racetrack, but too many favorites won. Whenever "Pop" went into a new business the family moved. The Gershwins lived in twenty-eight houses in New York City alone while George was a youngster.





ist a mug, then a song plugger and now just a plain millionaire. But to those who know him, a regular guy—that's George Gershwin

GEORGE grew up on the East Side, the "champeen roller skater of Seventh Street." He was out on the streets at all hours. Once a horse kicked him in the nose. (It's had nose and throat trouble ever since.) It was the tough neighborhood that bred Lefty Louie and Gyp Blood. The kids fought, stole, sassed the cops, tormented the store owners, smashed windows, hopped rides, threw mud in laundry hanging out on fire-escapes to dry, played hockey on Forsythe Street. Jimmy Durante and Al Jolson came out of the same kind of slum. George went around with one pants leg dragging, a sneer on his face and a chip on his shoulder. Some of his little playmates are sitting up the river today in Sing Sing.

Music? He hated it. Any kid that took music lessons was a sissie. George's gang had a name for them. They called them "Maggies."

George was always getting into trouble. Once, running around the streets barefoot, he stepped on a spike and it cut clear through his foot. Another time he fell off a bench and landed on his face on a broken bottle. He always has a long scar beside his right eye. But those were accidents. What got him into trouble usually was playing hookey from Public School No. 20.

One day, he remembers, the school doctor told him he

had mumps and sent him home. On the way home George stopped to gawk at the lurid posters in front of one of Marcus Loew's nickelodeons.

"All right, kid. Come along with me!" growled a deep voice.

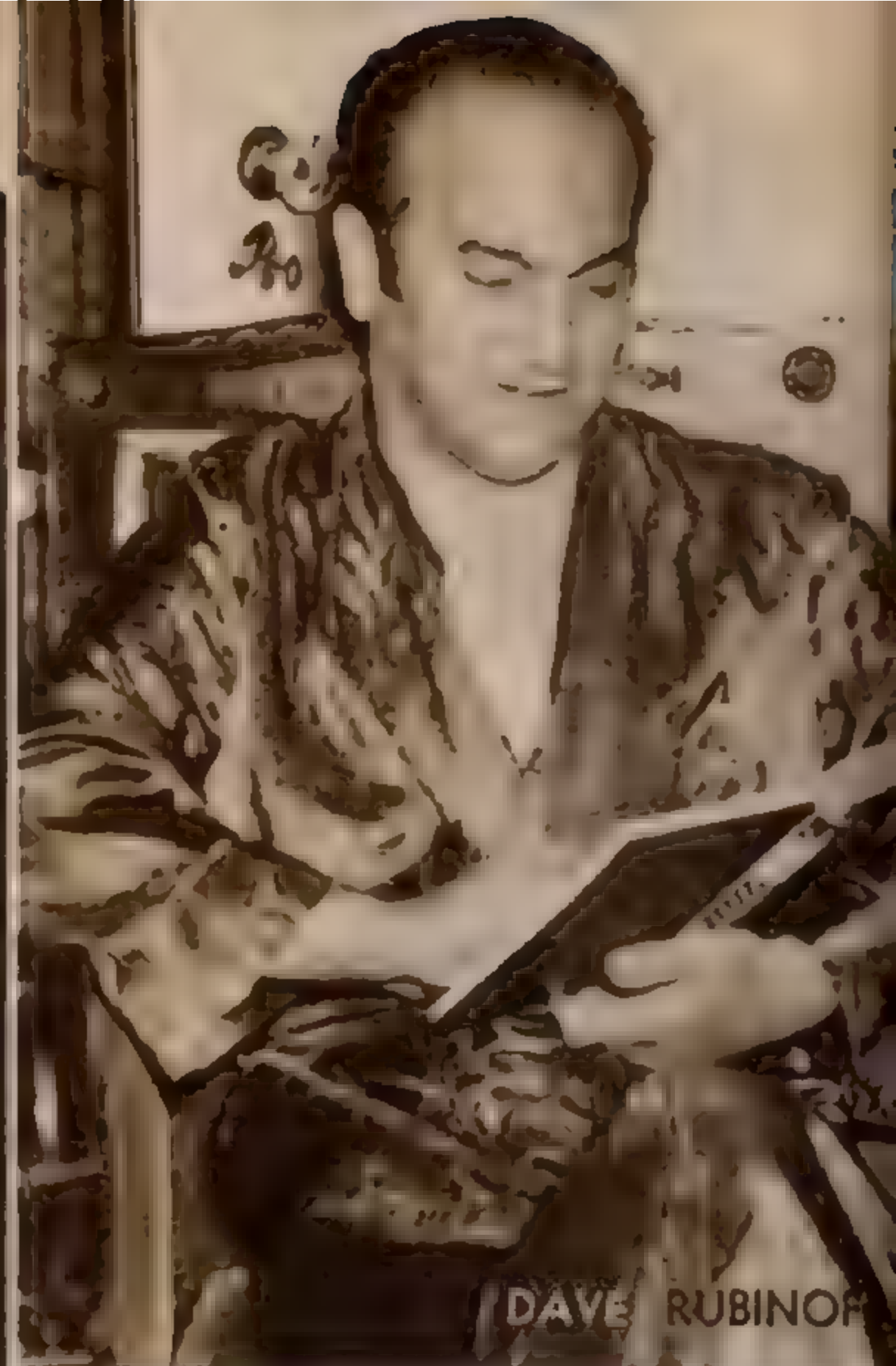
The truant officer dragged him back to the school and took him into the principal's office. Of course the principal had to say, "You've made a mistake, officer. This boy was sent home sick." George had played hookey fifty times before. This time, the one time he was innocent, he had to get caught. It was an outrage. A good boy like him, not being believed by the truant officer! The more he thought of it the more innocent he felt. He cried for hours, just because he was so innocent.

DOWN deep inside of him somewhere he must have liked music, though, because he remembers, one day, standing barefoot on the sidewalk outside a penny arcade listening fascinated by the mechanical pianola. (Years later he found out the tune was *Melody in F*.)

And then there was the day his own mother bought a piano. Her married sister had one, so she had to have one. The moving van men hoisted it up the side of the building on ropes and shoved (Continued on page 71)



JIMMY MELTON AND HIS MISSUS



DAVE RUBINOFF

Wide World

GOOD

(Left) Jimmy Melton and his lovely wife who ever backs her generous husband. (Top) Dave Rubinoff once didn't even have pennies to pay for violin lessons.

by Helen Horze

WAY up in Cold Springs, New York, a certain charity camp which takes care of thousands of poor, undernourished boys every year was faced with disaster and the heartbreaking situation of having to end the camp and all the fine work it had done. Eddie Cantor heard about it. Now it is functioning again, unhampered by dread fears of closing, for Cantor said, "As long as I'm alive this camp will stay open."

A singer in a honky-tonk cafe, his unhappy eyes showing the bewilderment he felt at the strange fate that had shaken him off the ladder of fame and sent him careening downward, was struggling desperately to climb back to the heights he had once occupied. It was a pitiful, hopeless fight with the odds overwhelmingly against him. But he made it. Bing Crosby saw to that.



Connie Boswell has an affliction, a great affliction, but it has spurred her to stardom on the air, and has served to inspire others to the heights she has attained.

SAMARITANS...

Grabbing, greed and jealousy stalk Radio Row. You know all about these, but how often do you hear of the human kindness and understanding?

A warped, crippled newsboy, disillusioned and bitter at his fate, now sees life through a more normal and cheerful perspective, because game little Connie Boswell made it her business to meet him. But I'm getting ahead of my story.

It's not for the purpose of placing radio stars on a hallowed pedestal that I want to tell you about some of the grand gestures of several of the most "hard-boiled" radio artists, but because it makes them such real people, such grand human beings and so much more understandable. That's why I'm stealing a page from Nick Kenny, radio editor of the *New York Daily Mirror*, and nominating my own candidates for "The Good Samaritans of the Air." This story is going to make me the most unpopular girl in Radio Row because I'm telling here for the first time those fine gestures that each star wanted to keep close to his or her heart alone.

Jimmy Melton, for instance, would rather have me say that he goes around scaring children than tell about what he is doing for a certain young boy.

It was when Melton was playing in theatres all over the country a short time ago that he came across this boy. Jimmy was leaving his dressing-room when he felt a hand tugging at his sleeve. He looked up and saw a clean-cut, nervous young chap.

"Please, Mr. Melton, may I see you for just a minute?"

I CAN'T explain just what it was that made Melton stop and walk back to his dressing-room with him. After all, Melton was used to being accosted by strangers with all sorts of requests, and he had trained himself to turn a deaf ear to all pleas. Yet he found himself in his room a few minutes later, listening to the boy sing.

"You've a splendid voice," Melton told him. "You ought to study."

"I'd like to," the boy answered, "but I don't see how I can. I have no money."

Melton was about to dismiss him, when through his mind flashed a picture of himself as a young boy. He remembered those discouraging years of trying to get somewhere in the music world with no one to give him a helping hand. He saw himself reflected in the hopeful, ambitious eyes of the boy. Today the boy is studying in one of the best music colleges in the country, with the finest voice teachers at his disposal. That boy is going to have a chance. Jimmy Melton is seeing to that.

I happened to mention something about Eddie Cantor earlier. Let me tell you all about it now. Those of you who know anything at all about Eddie Cantor's life are familiar with his poverty-stricken childhood. Eddie hasn't forgotten. He remembers to this very day that the only time he ever escaped from the dirty East Side streets was when he was shipped with (Continued on page 94)



HARPO

CHICO

ZEPPPO

THEY

By JOHN SKINNER

As his clock stroked midnight, Groucho Marx glanced nervously up from the grisly detective story he was reading. For a moment he sat tense, then relaxed and laughed. He was letting this Hollywood kidnaping scare get him. Really nothing to worry about. His wife and two children were safely in bed. He returned to his book.

Suddenly he heard a car stealing up the drive. An instant later the dead silence of the night was shattered by the shrill ringing of his doorbell. A thousand fears pounding in his heart, he tiptoed to the door and peered through a crack. Standing there he saw a battered old 1914 Ford, sinister as a ramshackle haunted house. No one was in it.

Hastily Groucho rebolted his door and telephoned the police. As he nervously awaited their arrival, he scoured his brain for a solution to the mysterious visit. Kidnapers? Burglars? Practical jokers?

Despite his genuine agitation, he couldn't help pondering over the possibilities of a prank.

The life of the four mad Marx Brothers, you see, is full of capers. Only a few tales of their pranks dribble out to the world at large. Most of them are never known. But because Groucho and Chico, who play Ulysses H. Dryvle and his intrepid news hound, Penelli, on CBS, chose to talk the other afternoon, at last you have a chance to see what comedians do on their day off. And what's more, here's an opportunity to see what happens to them as a result of their impishness. Of course, because of an indomitable devilry in their makeup, they usually turn the last table.

You'd think that the Marx boys after hours of non-sensical antics performed for popular consumption would be too weary to conjure up any tricks to play on their acquaintances. Most professional comedians usually are. After a Tuesday night broadcast, for instance, Ed Wynn drops into a chair and sighs. If he talks at all, it's usually about the serious condition the world is in. Joe Penner, off the air, is a pleasant, but quiet fellow. Eddie Cantor usually rushes home after work to play the part of a good father to his five daughters.

Time Marxes On. That's a soma joke, eh boss? Look at 'em and laugh—it marx no difference to the Mad Marxes—they get paid for it



GROUCHO

LAUGH LAST...

NOT so the Marx Brothers. They have their home life, but it's generally being turned bottom side up by one form or another of original practical joking. Groucho, Chico, Zeppo and Harpo are no respecters of persons or rank. Their wild jests strike without warning. They pick on men like Samuel Goldwyn, film magnate, and kick the props of dignity from beneath swank establishments like Tiffany's Fifth Avenue jewelry shop.

Now you understand why that night Groucho, despite the possible menace to the safety of his six-year-old daughter, Miriam, and his twelve-year-old son, Arthur, entertained for a moment the thought that some former victim of his practical joking was striking back.

But the danger was too great to take a chance. Marlene Dietrich was maintaining three shifts of husky men to watch her daughter. Many of the more prominent stars had bodyguards constantly by their sides.

The police car swerved up the drive. Systematically the officers beat through the bushes. No sign of anyone lurking about. Finally they gave up, and after futile efforts to start the old Ford, towed it away.

Groucho and his wife kept a close vigil over their children that night. Later they moved to another house to thwart any carefully laid plans kidnapers might have made.

Months later Groucho was in a New York night club.

He'd been chatting with Larry Hart of Rogers and Hart. Larry turned to leave.

"Well, so long, Groucho."

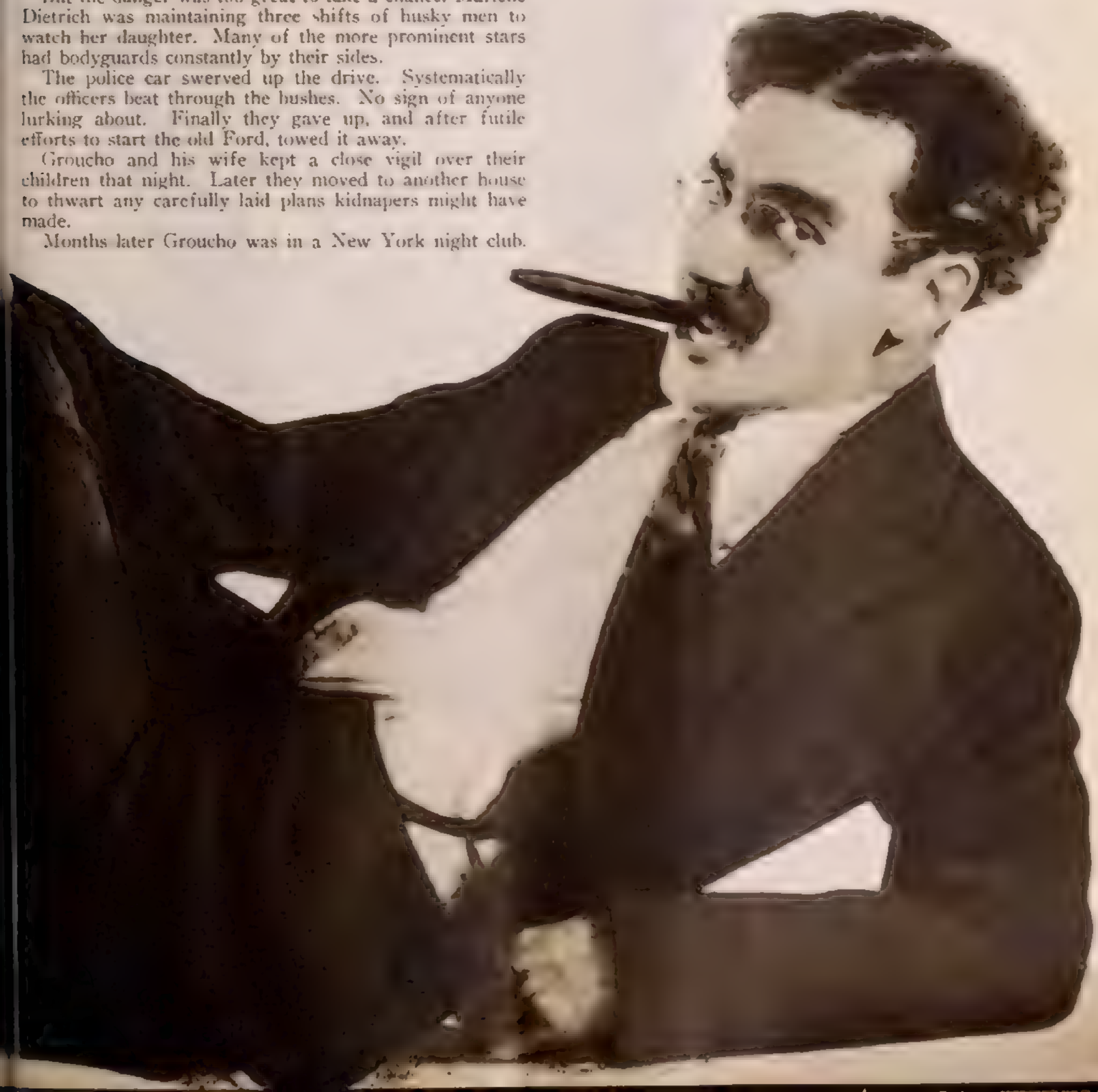
"S'long." Hart walked away.

"Oh Groucho," he called over his shoulder.

"Yes?"

"By the way, what did you ever do with that old Ford we left in front of your house that night?"

And that was the solution of the mysterious midnight visitors. Perhaps Larry hadn't realized the serious proportions his joke might assume. (Continued on page 95)





Frances
Langford

TOAST OF CAMPUS AND BALD-HEADED ROW

LOTS of students at Southern College in Florida learned science, history and philosophy, but it took Frances Langford to make them forget it all. For while there are scores of beautiful girls who are the belles of their respective campuses, Frances is the toast of more than a hundred colleges. And students and their dads and granddads and great-granddads don't hesitate to call themselves her fans.

Imagine the furor she stirred when the local papers stated that Rudy Vallee, who had heard her sing over a Florida station, had offered her a guest appearance on a

network program. And if her friends thought that was somethin', imagine how they felt when word came from New York that Frances was Abe Lyman's regular singer. As if that wasn't enough to wake up the home folks, she went right ahead and appeared in the movie "Here Goes the Bride" and made a vaudeville tour.

If you, too, would like to forget the heavier things of life, tune in this little contralto any Wednesday at 10 p. m. EDST on the NBC blue-WJZ network or any Saturday at 9 p. m. on the NBC red-WEAF chain and see how easy it is to dispell anything bothering you.

George M.
Cohan



BROADWAY'S "YANKEE DOODLE BOY"

*I*F there's anything in the field of entertainment that George M. Cohan can't do, we haven't been able to find it out. You war veterans know what he has meant to you. Any man that can lighten the burden of war with such songs as "Over There" is deserving of the high estimation George Cohan now holds. Movie fans have learned to love his inimitable acting. To Broadway he is the "Yankee Doodle Boy." But more than that, he is a troupier of more than forty years standing. Literally millions of theatre-goers remember him in the leading rôles of comedies, mostly from his own pen.

"The Governor's Son," "Running for Office," "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford" are only a few of his own. Not only is his name synonymous with acting, play writing and composing, but with theatrical management and production. In the heart of Broadway stands a theatre bearing his name in blazing lights.

When the Gulf Refining Company arranged a program on NBC they chose the big timer—George Cohan.

RADIO STARS

*L*ISSOME and luxurious Adele Girard is proof of the age-old whimsey that two talents are better than one and three are better than two. And four are better—but look at the gal, as if you aren't. She's two of the reasons (or is it three) for the popularity of Harry Sosnik and his Edgewater Beach Hotel in Chicago.


But, speaking of talents, Adele really is a maiden plen-

tifully endowed with abilities that persuade people to pay her what is vulgarly called the do-re-mi. She sings, for one thing, in a swoony-moony fashion that hitches your heart to a star and takes you dusting along the milky way. She plays the piano, too, in a robust and ruffianly fashion. But her forte (can you take it) is the harp. Listen to Sosnik some moon-swept evening and let the chords of his theme, "Lazy Rhapsody," seep into your soul. That is part of Adele's job. She's his harpist, his plucker of magic strings.

It's a nice job, once you get the feel of it, she says. To make it easier, you think of the boy you left behind you, the handsome devil dancing with that scandalous blonde, and the fellow who came to collect the rent last week. With all that in your mind, if you can't put "smaltz" in your plucking, you'd better go back to the country you came from.

You can get a load of what she means by "schmaltz" every evening but Thursday and Sunday, 11:30, CBS.

PLENTY REASON FOR RHAPSODY



*Adele
Girard*

RADIO STARS

THE air is full of joy, brightness, and gaiety. We mean it, literally. We're talking about June Joy, the joy singer with Sam Robbins and his orchestra in the Hotel McAlpin, Manhattan, with the privilege of joy-spreading going to the Columbia Broadcasting system.

Before she became June Joy, she was just plain Little Ivez Johnson whom residents of Little Rock, Arkansas, will remember as the blue-eyed and raven-haired daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Peyton Johnson.

Ever since her grandfather, Judge Johnson, settled in Little Rock and became one of the city fathers, the family has been earning a big name for themselves out there.

June contributed her share when the whole town began talking about her smart and original writings in the local high school paper. Not only that, but she took all the ename leads in the school plays and had the theatergoers glistening for the front seats.

While having such a jolly time in school she was steadily smitten with the urge for a professional career in the entertainment world.

Mama and Papa might have objected, but their minds were promptly changed by their winsome but determined young daughter.

It seems to be a rule that girls have to go to big cities to make good. Nobody seems to know why, it just happens that way. Anyhow, Ivez (or maybe we'd better start calling her June) began singing popular songs with the Camp Pike Entertainers, then traveled with stock companies throughout the south and had a dash of Broadway circuit vaudeville before she felt the call of the west and wound up in Hollywood making flickers.

Since Sammy Robbins is also an Arkansas product, it didn't take them long to become friends. About three years ago they teamed up and she's been with Sammy ever since.

How do you like that speckled dress? It's a brand new one she got just for this picture.

A CUTE LITTLE CHEERER-UPPER



June Joy

THE WISEST MAN IN THE WORLD

By FRANCES BARR MATTHEWS



Two head-hunters of New Guinea take time off from hunting heads to pose with Robert L. Ripley (left) who related his "Believe It or Not" tales on the Hudson-Terraplane program Saturdays over NBC. (Below) Here's the investigating Ripley with Cygna Conly, world's fastest human talker. She gave Lincoln's Gettysburg address in thirty seconds, a rate of nine words a second.

HOW much time are you investing in curiosity?

If you have some burning urge, some hobby which leads you into the highways and byways of living, which drowns drab monotony in a sea of colorful new discovery, you have found true happiness in life.

Bob "Believe It or Not" Ripley, as prime example, invests practically every moment of his crowded waking hours in curiosity.

Listening to Rip's former Saturday night broadcasts over the Hudson-Terraplane program, you got only an inkling of this man's amazing adventures into the realm of unknown truth.

Part of his investment in curiosity has been to travel through one hundred and sixty-seven countries, to hire a huge staff of secretaries and research men, to work day and night in his career of digging up strange and shocking facts and incidents about everyday life, about humans, dwarfs, giants, fakirs, fanatics; about animals and their history, about land and sea, food and drink, love and marriage; about sports and science, language and numbers. He has come into contact with more gruesome, awe-inspiring and exciting tricks of fate than any other man.

Over the radio, in movie shorts, in vaudeville and lecture appearances, and in his daily feature in over three hundred newspapers, he spreads the gospel, as William



Bolitho puts it, that "life is miraculous, breathless and good to live."

WHAT has Bob Ripley's investment in curiosity brought forth?

Here are some of the dividends, dividends which Bob Ripley passes on to you: A completely normal son was born to two Chinese children in Amoy, Fukien, China. The mother was eight years old and the father was nine. A wonder child, named Christian Heinrich Heinecken, of Luebeck, Germany, could talk at the age of eight weeks



Jackson Photo.

Robert L. Ripley's hunt for "Believe It or Not" facts has taken him into 167 countries. And the stories he got are whoppers

(Above) The "Wisest Man," Robert L. Ripley, ready for action. (Right) Mr. Ripley with a young man of Port Moresby, Papua. The tight belt is to make him thin so he'll attract a prospective bride. (Below) Ripley getting friendly with a three-fingered god of the Maoris of New Zealand.



and knew the Pentateuch of the Bible at the age of thirteen months! There's a prominent man in Seattle, Washington, named 10,000,000. Mr. Ten Million! A Detroit, named Alfred Langeven, can blow out a small candle with air through his eyes! All but one inhabitant of a town in Spain has six or seven fingers and toes! There was an Italian, Joseph Caspar, Cardinal Mezzofanti, who knew 114 languages and 72 dialects. He learned Chinese in four months. A Bengal Fakir, named Agastya, held his hand aloft for ten years until a bird built a nest in his motionless palm. (After about three months of this attitude, the pain is inhumanly excruciating, the limb becomes rigid and useless and the joints so fixed that it is impossible for him to lower his arm.) The Flemish word for motor car has forty-one letters in it! (Snelpaardelooszonspoorwegpetrolrijtuig.) At the age of twenty-four, Mrs. Theresa Vaughn, an Englishwoman, confessed to 61 bigamous marriages! Mulai Ismail, of Morocco, had 888 children. A Frenchwoman, Madame De La Bresse, left her fortune of 125,000 francs to be used for buying clothes for snow men. "For decency sake," she said in her will.

A FAN writes to Ripley: "My two brothers, Sam and Morris, and myself, Ben Neiman, were sitting in my office when a total stranger came in and asked to use the telephone. I consented and the stranger called a number and said, 'Hello Sam, this is Ben. I am waiting for Morris—where is he?'" James Bartley, a sailor, was



Maybe Rip doesn't envy this head hunter of Papua, New Guinea, with his fine feathers. The nose ring is of shell and pierces both nose and lips.

actually swallowed by a sperm whale. The whale was caught, killed, and Bartley was removed alive. He was completely insane for three weeks but after that he had no bad effects except that the gastric juices of the whale had turned his skin into a ghastly parchment white from which it never recovered. There's a bottle of beer insured for \$25,000. (The last bottle of a pre-prohibition brew of a famous Milwaukee Brewer.) Rip once went to Hell. It's a town in Norway. There's an animal called a Swoose. (A cross between a swan and a goose, in Franklin Park Zoo, Boston.) J. B. Swan, of Loveland, Colorado, grew a potato that weighed 96 pounds ten ounces. (It was 2 feet, 5 inches long!) Once, in January, 1910, the roulette wheel at Monte Carlo won twenty-seven times in succession! The odds are almost seventy-million to one! After her head was cut off, a hen lived for seventeen days! She died because a careless attendant allowed the end of the neck to heal over the end of the windpipe so closely as to choke her to death! Pierre Messie, a Frenchman, could make his hair move at will. He could make it stand on end, fall, or curl. He could make one side curl while the other side lay flat! All the radium that has been collected will not weigh as much as a golf-ball. Snakes have hips—and Ripley proves it. Little Peter, an African pigmy, was less than three feet tall, had ten wives and thirty-seven children. Fish get seasick. A communication containing 1,615 letters, was sent to Bob Ripley by one of his fans. It was written on a grain of rice. Those are only a few of the thousand of "Believe It or Not" facts which this curiosity shopper has found. But they

are enough to make you wonder where he came from and what manner of life he has lived.

HE was born on Christmas, forty years ago, at Santa Rosa, California.

His mother was born in a covered wagon, at Camp Six when Rip's grandparents were en route to the west coast.

At the age of fourteen, Rip sold a drawing to Life Magazine. It was called "The Village Belle was Slowly Ringing." It showed a country girl turning a clothes wringer. That started a newspaper career, which he abandoned some years later to pitch for the Giants.

And, believe it or not, while pitching a ball in his first game for the Giants, Bob Ripley strained so hard in his effort to make good that his arm was completely broken in two. After that he went back to the newspapers.

The "Believe It or Not" idea started quite accidentally. Rip was drawing a sports cartoon for the Globe in 1921 and devoted an occasional feature to strange facts and freaks in the world of sport. It enabled him to give vent to his great curiosity but as the feature became more and more popular Rip decided to extend his subject matter to all fields and run it daily.

In the twelve years since he started the "Believe It or Not" series, Bob Ripley has dug up and cartooned more than 15,000 items!

"Of all these items," Ripley said, "the most touching 'Believe It or Not' and probably the most pathetic is the one that I've called 'The Eternal Betrothed,' the story of Mademoiselle Therese Vening of Pont l'Abbe.

"Paul Treguiyre was a young fisherman who was deeply in love with Therese, and she with him. They plighted their troth on the shores of Pont l'Abbe. He was twenty-six and she was twenty-one.

"Then one day he told her his boat was sailing to Newfoundland, and when he returned they would be married. For days she waited—weeks—months—years. Other opportunities presented themselves. She refused them.

"Fifty-eight years later a sailing craft was sighted outside the harbor. Paul Treguiyre was aboard. They were married in the Cathedral of Pont l'Abbe. She was seventy-nine. And he was eighty-four!"

THE American cross-bar case, which Ripley calls the most amazing accident that ever happened, is also the most horrible "Believe It or Not" item he has ever unearthed.

The accident happened to Shineas P. Gage, twenty-five years old, a foreman on the Rutland and Burlington Railroad. In September 13, 1847, he was employed in charging a hole with powder preparatory to blasting.

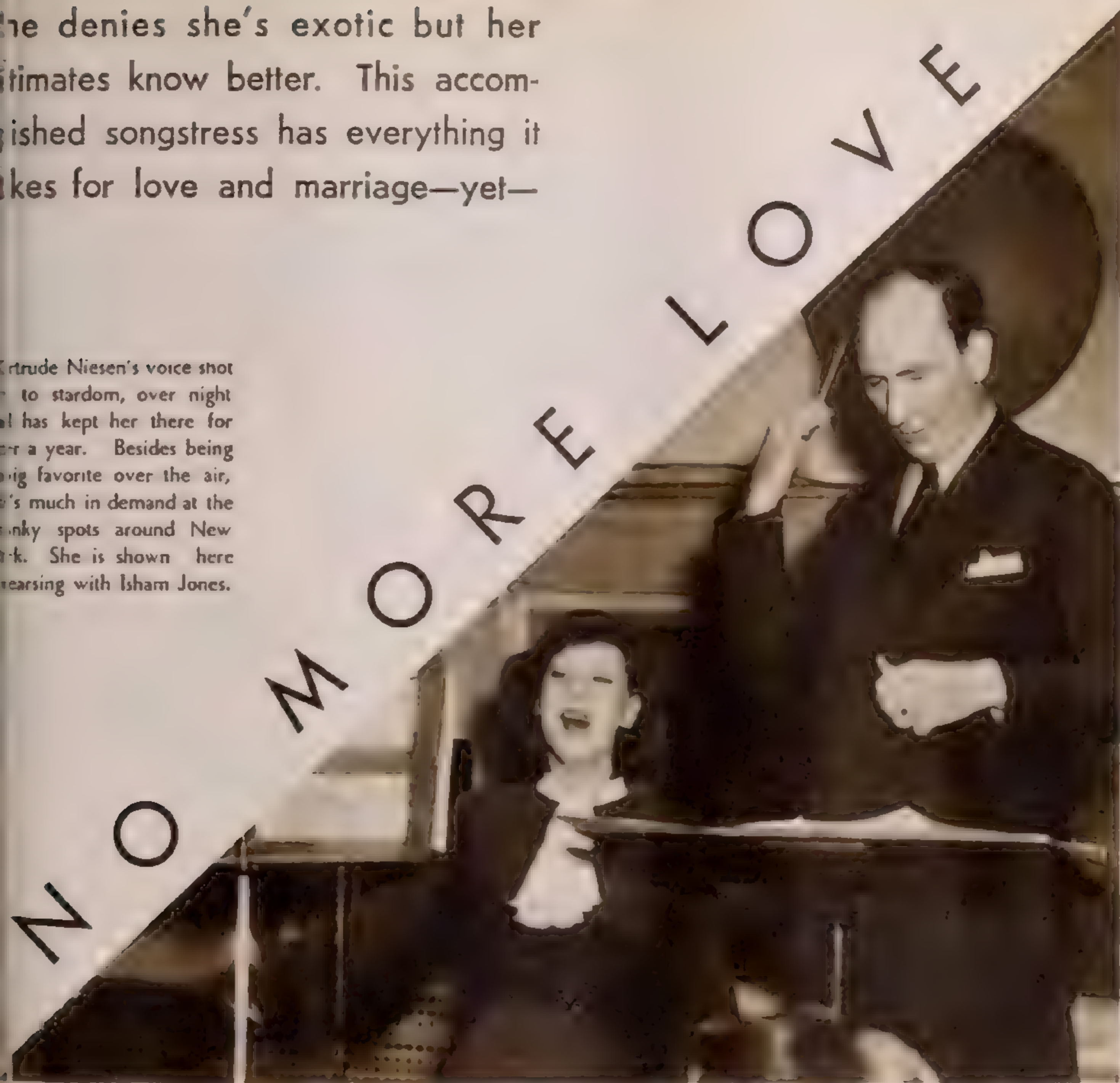
Suddenly there was a terrific explosion—the premature blast caught Gage unaware and drove a tamping iron three feet seven inches long, an inch and a quarter in diameter and weighing over thirteen pounds, completely through his head. The crow-bar entered the left side of Gage's face, under the cheek bone, went through the eye and out of the top of his cranium!

Despite this horrible injury young Gage didn't even lose consciousness. When he arrived at the hotel to which he was brought, he was able to climb a long flight of stairs to the hall where his wound was to be dressed. At ten that night he was perfectly rational and asked about his work and his friends! He lived for many years after.

SOMETIMES Bob Ripley travels for thousands of miles in his endeavor to quench his—and your—insatiable curiosity. He crossed the Great Desert from Damascus to Bagdad, took the train from Bagdad to Basra, passing through the hottest place in the world, where the temperature sometimes touches 150 degrees above zero, then a long auto (Continued on page 80)

she denies she's exotic but her intimates know better. This accomplished songstress has everything it takes for love and marriage—yet—

Gertrude Niesen's voice shot her to stardom, over night and has kept her there for over a year. Besides being a big favorite over the air, she's much in demand at the fancy spots around New York. She is shown here rehearsing with Isham Jones.



WHEN the capricious fingers of Madame Luck flip a coin of fate to Gertrude Niesen, she says: "Heads give up love and keep your career as Columbia's star torch singer and—tails give yourself to love and sacrifice your career." Here's as pretty a little life problem as ever presented by any woman. Yet isn't it the very same thing that has befallen or might happen to any of you who read this? If it is, then such an uncompromising choice won't seem incredible as it sounds. This, despite the fact that many radio stars are happily married. Gertrude's case is different. Of course it is possible that one day Gertrude may find marital joy. But she won't count herself on this point. You can't blame her. You could see why, if for a few brief moments, you could view the life of this singer to whom legends of exotic flavor have attached themselves. In her associations with some of the glittering world in which she moves, you could understand why she finds it dangerous even to think of marriage. You might assume that to have Gertrude's fascination

By JEAN PELLETIER

for men would be an advantage in such a life. It isn't. Not entirely. The eyes with the suggestion of the Oriental, the full, appealing lips, the rhythmic carriage—they're the sort of things which can

shrink the hearts of men and women in jealousy. Men are drawn to her, constantly, remorselessly. She can't help it. Gertrude Niesen is the type of woman, who, if seen more than twice with the same man, is sure to busy idle tongues. It makes it difficult for her to associate with her real studio friends. It has instilled in her a philosophy which can better be understood when you consider the things which might happen in her friendships with men.

What is a girl in this position to do if she wants to fall honestly in love? If she marries a radio executive, the cry goes up among the jealous ones that she's doing it only to further her career. If she marries a newspaperman, she is said to want publicity. If she is seen about with one of the wealthy playboys she meets so often in night club work, it's asserted she's interested in his money. And if she marries a prominent: (Continued on page 29)



Of all the radio programs that tumble from our loudspeaker, the Show Boat Hour on Thursday evening has been the one most adroit in capturing romance and glamour. Here is entertainment that depends entirely upon illusion for its atmosphere and background. With the splashing of paddle wheels in muddy water and the throaty shrilling of a calliope, we lean back in our armchairs content to believe that here is a show com-

FOR DISTINGUISHED



ing to us from an authentic Show Boat tied
to a Mississippi shore.

Those of us who have known the river and
its roving boatloads of merry-makers need
only to shut our eyes to be carried back to
old scenes and songs. Those of us to whom
the Show Boat is new discover a resplendent
adventure in entertainment.

Because this rich hour has brought great
and unusual pleasure to a vast number of

listeners, and because its sponsors have
given us the considerable talents of many
skillful entertainers, we extend the June
RADIO STARS' Award for Distinguished
Service to Maxwell House and its jovial
band of Show Boat troupers.

Curtis Mitchell

SERVICE TO RADIO

BEHIND THE SCENES OF

A 9 YEAR OLD BOY STARTED WLW



WLW's antenna (above) sticks up 831 feet in the air waves. Joseph A. Chambers (left) inspects two of the giant tubes in WLW's new half-million-watt plant. Watt power dot is!



Powel Crosley, Jr. gave his son the toy he wanted—a buzzer and key—and

AMERICA'S GREAT STATIONS



Studio "A" at WLW, the largest of a dozen good looking studios in the Crosley Radio Corporation plant at Cincinnati, Ohio.



Ladies and gentlemen, meet Mr. Powell Crosley, Jr., founder and president of WLW. Read the story of his dramatic career.

FAINT as the creak of artillery wheels in a cannonade is the shrill piping of a boy's buzzer set when compared with the thundering reverberations of WLW's 500,000 watt broadcast transmitter—the largest in the world.

Yet, unbelievable though it may seem, it was the 9-year-old son of Powell Crosley, Jr., who started his dad on the road to being one of the world's outstanding pioneers in the field of broadcasting. It was a road which had its beginning with the mounting of a key and buzzer on a bread board and led to the presidency of the Crosley Radio Corporation in Cincinnati, Ohio.

You have probably tuned to WLW many times; danced to its music; found comfort in its singing voices. Some of you, out of its immediate territory might have been surprised in the early morning hours of the past few weeks to find yourself listening to "the nation's station" and saying, "Why, I never could get WLW before."

There is a reason for this. Today it is an experiment, but by the time you read this, perhaps, the giant transmitter that looks out over the plains of Ohio and the hills of Kentucky may be operating full time on half a million watts, sending the name of its founder and dynamic president, Powell Crosley, Jr., to places no other station has ever been able to reach—making it the biggest broadcasting station on earth.

But, you may ask, why is the story of this station im-

portant to you? What does it mean to you, sitting in your parlor listening to WXZZ at Oshkosh? I'll tell you. If it hadn't been for WLW and Powell Crosley, it is quite possible that you'd not be able to hear WXZZ at all. There's a lot more to the story than that, and you shall hear it soon. Just now, I want you to see the station that was started by a child's whim.

By CECIL B.
STURGES

It was in 1921, on Washington's birthday, that a young son, Powell Crosley III, finally convinced his father that he should have a wireless set like other boys in his block. Those were the days when adults like you and me marveled at the youngsters who were able to send

dots and dashes through space.

On that day in 1921, father and son went to a little Cincinnati shop to make the purchase. But Powell Crosley, Jr., like most fathers, considered \$130 too much to pay to satisfy a childish whim. So he purchased a key, buzzer and a couple of instruction books. For days the two of them were absorbed in hooking the instruments together. When the task was completed they began to tap the key. They waited. Would the boy across the street hear them? He did!

Crosley returned to the little shop next day and purchased the parts for a crystal set. Soon he was hearing faint voices in his earphones. "I got the fever right then and there," he told me when (Continued on page 80)

The Crosley Radio Corporation and WLW were born. An amazing story

BEHIND THE SCENES OF

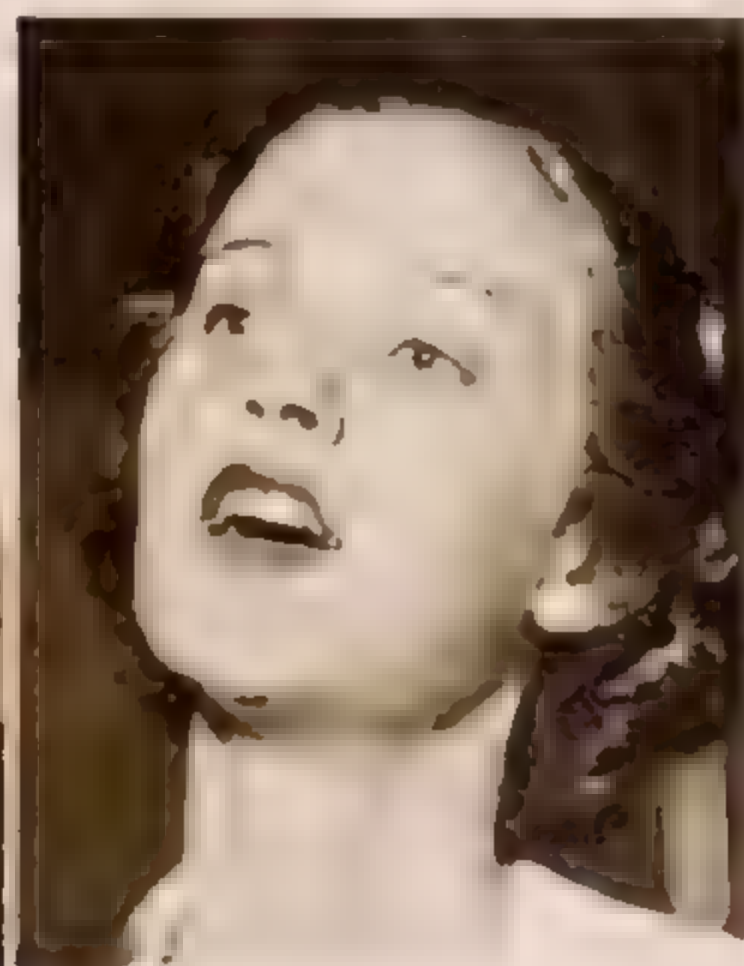
WLW

MANY FAMOUS RADIO STARS CALL IT "HOME"

The Ponce Sisters—Ethel and Dorothea—now on WLW, have been starred by such masters as Paul Whiteman, Rudy Vallee and Roxy and at both the Columbia and National Broadcasting companies. Harmony is their specialty.



Little Jack Little (above) and Jean Paul King (below) call WLW "home."



(Above) Jane Froman, CBS, and (below) Romona, NBC, two prides of WLW.



DON'T think for once that New York is the only guy's town grinding out new things for your loud-speakers. Nor Chicago, for that matter. The truth is, officials of both the Columbia Broadcasting System and the National Broadcasting Company have been wearing holes in ten dollar Florsheims stamping the sidewalks to Cincinnati trains.

Why Cincinnati? Well, if ever you've tuned to 700 kilocycles you know why. It's WLW, the station where stars are born. And network higher-ups find themselves in a stupor trying to keep up with the birth rate.

Just look at the record. There's Romona, for instance. Out of the West came this husky voiced brunette to capture the ears of WLW's crew of talent pickers. WLW threw all kinds of support behind her—gave her a great big build-up. Paul Whiteman heard her and swiped her. Now she's a stellar attraction on Paul's Kraft Phenix hour along with Al Jolson and the rest of the gang.

You've probably heard Jane Froman's story. She had just graduated from the University of Missouri and was studying music in Cincinnati. Powel Crosley, Jr., president of WLW, heard her at a party. The next day she shot to stardom. Yes, it was that simple. Now Jane is CBS's favorite daughter.

She not only walked away from WLW with fame, but also with a hubby—Don Ross, a baritone who had built himself a loyal WLW following, too. Don, is another CBS capture. Remember his booming voice on the Pontiac program last year?

HERE'S a story that will surprise you. Thomas G. Rockwell, one of New York's wisest talent booking agents, was visiting in Cincinnati (Continued on page 83)

If you want to perform over the networks, get yourself a job on WLW

AMERICA'S GREAT STATIONS



Arthur Ainsworth (above) and Peter Grant (below)—announcers.



L. J. Barnes (above), announcer. (Below) Stanley Peyton, actor.



John Barker (above), baritone. Henry Thies (below), bandman.



WLW

YOU'RE LISTENING TO —

TUNER-INNERS to 700 kilocycles get a goodly share of the best in talent. The reason being that "The Nation's Station", WLW, knows how to pick and handle good artists. As smooth a bunch as any station could boast. Look at the pictures above. Of course there are a lot of others, too, only a lack of space keeps us from showing the smiles of such people as Phil Davis, maestro of jazz; the Four Pals, a quartet of young gents; the versatile contralto, Helen Janke; the comic baritone, Johnny Muldowney; Frank Simon, bandmaster and cornet soloist; the ace saxophonist, Joe Lugar; those harmonizing Three Moods in Blue, and all the other grand guys and gals at WLW.

Next time you hear these people, remember this: It may not be long before you hear them on one of the networks, for time has proven that WLW is a prep school for stars.

Henry King, WLW's veteran announcer entered radio through the "back door" by first working in factory.



Morrie Neuman, they say, is another Crosby in the making. (Below) Mary Alcott, singer.



That station has a habit of making stars. Look at its list of graduates!

Who pays the Bills?

By NANETTE
KUTNER

"One of the keenest minded women I ever met." And is it any wonder people say so? Guess what she's up to now. No, Gracie isn't balancing the budget. She's figuring out a way to show Georgie that she can save him \$500 by purchasing a fur coat for her now. "Isn't she cute?" Georgie asks.

Harold Steen

Well, I don't,' says Gracie Allen. 'And neither do I,' says George Burns. But somebody has to,' sez you. And somebody does—they have some system!



de World

Paramount

In just one second, Gracie is going to "Oh, George," her good looking young husband. They are at the grand opening of Ted Fiorito's orchestra at the Coconut Grove.

George and his missus go in for polo—ball, hats, horses, mallets and all. With her spirited steed Gracie gallops up and keeps her hubby and his hobby from making a sure goal.

HERE'S something you don't know about Burns and Allen.

Up to now you've been reading stories about the way they met, that memorable time when little Gracie Allen is out of a job and George Burns did bad dancing imitations of good dancers in an act called "Burns and Loraine." And you've seen interviews concerning their rise to success, interviews which told you that Burns and Allen have been stage partners for ten years and marital partners for seven.

"Where one is, you'll be sure to find the other. They're always together," an official at the Columbia Broadcasting studios once told me.

Always together. That must be a terrific strain. If you have ever held a job you know how nerve racking it is to work continually with the same person. But to work together ten years and at the same time be married to your co-worker is doubly difficult, especially as you have the additional problem of wondering how to divide their earnings and deciding which member of the family pays what bills. It's far from easy to balance a marriage of that kind. Since early cave man days the male has protected the female, has fought for her food and shelter. And now, any physiologist will tell you that a money-taking wife is apt to turn the best of marriages topsy-turvy and right into the best of divorce courts.

Here's what you don't know about Burns and Allen—

how they have managed the economic part of their marriage, how they have astutely steered themselves away from petty bickerings and kept their business association from disintegrating into bitter shreds.

It takes courage and cooperation for two people to make a go of a joint life, especially two people who have entirely different personalities. And Burns and Allen are different. George Burns is a lovable sentimentalist. Gracie Allen is one of the keenest minded women I have ever met. She plays her wife part superbly, she is so smart that she pulls a curtain of cuteness over her actions and mannerisms. George Burns must be the leader.

He talked to me while we waited for her to return from a shopping excursion.

"You can put our solution to the money problem down to faith," he said. "Faith and common sense. This economic situation is no joke. You can call it money, mazuma, kale; you can call it anything you please, but it's usually the basic reason for discord. Most married couples waste the greater part of their waking hours arguing over bills. You know very well that no two people spend the same amount of money no more than they eat the same portions of food. One is more extravagant than the other and so they quarrel. The wife nags at the husband because he ordered an extra blue serge suit and he thinks she has no business getting a new fur (Continued on page 94)



Gentlemen! Let us introduce little Peg LaCentra, NBC's clever dramatic actress and vocalist who isn't even engaged. She's a home loving girl, too.

Peg LaCentra

AGE: Nineteen.

HEIGHT: Five feet two.

WEIGHT: 93 pounds.

BIRTHPLACE: Boston.



HAIR: Light brown.

EYES: Blue.

FAVORITE SPORT: Tennis.

FAVORITE FOOD: Veal Scallipini.



Peg sings with the organ duo, Winters and Weber, on NBC's Red-WEAF chain Thursdays, at 4 p. m. EST. She also does dramatic bits on various shows.

PEG LACENTRA was one of those rarities of the air—a woman announcer. It's seldom that you hear a girl announcing and it is more seldom that she is successful. Peg was that. Before she finished at Kathryn Gibbs she had an audition at WNAC, Boston, and on the day she graduated she had a job. Woman Announcer. Her voice apparently had the quality and timber that persuades a radio audience to endure the announcements without twirling the dial to something else.

Talent scouts soon snatched her up to do dramatic ingenue leads. In a short time she found herself singing

at the famous WOR station, the "finishing school for stars" so you can expect big things from this tiny girl.

Peg has the heritage of southern Italy in her veins. Being of Latin descent she has a natural inclination for the poetic and dramatic. Too often she longs for her people, sunny Italy and those blue skies of the Mediterranean. Perhaps that is what gives such a plaintive lilt to her songs.

When Peg isn't in the studios you are very apt to locate her at the theatre. Says she goes for the dramatic technique it teaches but mostly because she loves the acting.



More than once Emery has been the cause of girls staying home when they tuned in his Gypsy Orchestra and he was playing a violin solo.



What girl hasn't thrilled to the entrancing melody of Emery Deutsch's own composition, "Play, Fiddle, Play"? He's handsome and very much single.

Emery Deutsch

AGE: Twenty-eight.

HEIGHT: Five feet eleven.

WEIGHT: 175 pounds.

BIRTHPLACE: Budapest.

HAIR: Dark brown and wavy.

EYES: Light blue.

FAVORITE SPORT: Track.

FAVORITE FOOD: Steak.



EMERY DEUTSCH—tweeds, the pungent fragrance of tobacco, wooded groves and the hills with a dog trailing at his heels. Somehow you think of these when you are with Emery Deutsch or for that matter when you look at his picture. When a kid he was brought to the United States. Several times his family returned to the Continent but America finally claimed Emery for its own. One day he took enough time off from his favorite game of wandering and went to Columbia University. While there he earned the nickname of Kangaroo and won

numerous letters as a star track man. In 1924 he qualified for the Olympic track team but gave up this honor to woo the goddess Calliope. Since then most of his time has been devoted to this muse of music, but now since he is so rapidly climbing to success he should have time for letters and visiting admirers. If you visit New York don't be surprised if early some morning you happen to see this young fellow sprinting around the concourse at Central Park. It's another of his favorite ways of taking exercise.



Katherine Carrington

AGE: Twenty-five.

HEIGHT: Five ft. 11 in.

WEIGHT: 119 pounds.

BIRTHPLACE: East Orange, New Jersey.

HAIR: Golden Blonde.

EYES: Hazel.

FAVORITE SPORT: Swimming.

FAVORITE FOOD: Chiffonade salad.



Katherine Carrington is the lovely soprano soloist you hear on those "Evenings in Paris" programs on Columbia, Sunday evenings at 8 o'clock E. S. T.

WHEN she walks into the room you know it. You might not even see her but you sense at once a change in atmosphere. Call it personality or what you will—she radiates—vibrates with life and movement. Katherine Carrington is that way.

Men like her and women like her. It is natural that she should have numerous friends of both sexes. She has been since she was a tiny kid. Somehow she does seem to exist for herself, but rather to express as many aspects of life as possible.

She demands incessant movement and varied impressions to the eye, to the emotions, to all the senses. No one doesn't mean she's fickle, but life is so short a time which to have friends, human experiences and affection. At the risk of even her professional career, she will sacrifice these.

Katherine is delightfully precipitate. In the middle of a successful play on Broadway (she had the lead) she suddenly decided she must see London. Not next month or next year. But right away. She quit her job and in a few days she was on a ship. Worried about money? Why? She had enough to pay her fare, to see London and return. Do you think it mattered to her that her professional career hung in the balance? Not at all. Off she went. And was not sorry.

A little hint in case a letter from you finds its way to her post box. If you are going to play around with Katherine you must have one thing—a good sense of humor. She sees the amusing side of everything that happens and somehow in her company your mind sharpens right up.

She has an amazingly wide taste in books—enjoying everything from boners to the very serious.





Nino Martini

AGE: Twenty-eight.

HEIGHT: Five feet eight.

WEIGHT: 150 pounds.

BIRTHPLACE: Verona, Italy.

HAIR: Black.



EYES: Dark brown.

FAVORITE SPORT: Tennis and Riding.

FAVORITE FOOD: Zabaglione.

Ah-h-h-h. Nino Martini—a downright good looking bachelor and a charming one. He Romeos over the Columbia network and at the Metropolitan Opera.

NINO MARTINI has always been able to do tricks with his voice, like singing out of tune and higher than any of the other little boy sopranos in the church choir. Ever since he was a kid he has been roped into singing soprano parts in all the local church bazaars, parties and concerts that came along. He didn't mind it because it gave him excuse to play hooky from school. He was always doing that until his father finally gave up despair and sent him to live with a local singing teacher where he received instruction and acted as an apprentice. Life there was just as complicated as at home, only now he had to sing all day, eat special foods and was sent to bed at eight o'clock. All this was part of his training. As a romantic kid he didn't like it, particularly the bed time hour. It didn't give him any time to wander over the fields, and moon in the starlight at the mythical tomb of those two immortal lovers of history—Romeo and Juliet. Yes, all his rival singers say he got a regular kick by being born in such a romantic place. Maybe it did a lot in shaping his career, but so did the strenuous regime he has been subject to since the day his father turned him over to the music teacher.

As for his singing—well, as you know, more than once during the opera performances they have had to put up "Encore Allowed" signs. And that is a compliment to any artist. And over radio he has been so popular that his fans are so numerous that they dictated to his sponsor the hour he was to sing.

He has traveled everywhere, been in concert, opera, and even movies. Tells us he likes the opposite sex as much as they like him. Now we are wondering how he will bring this young gallant to a final decision in marriage.



Readers of
RADIO STARS
cast their votes
and choose
radio's ten
most popular
artists. So
here they are

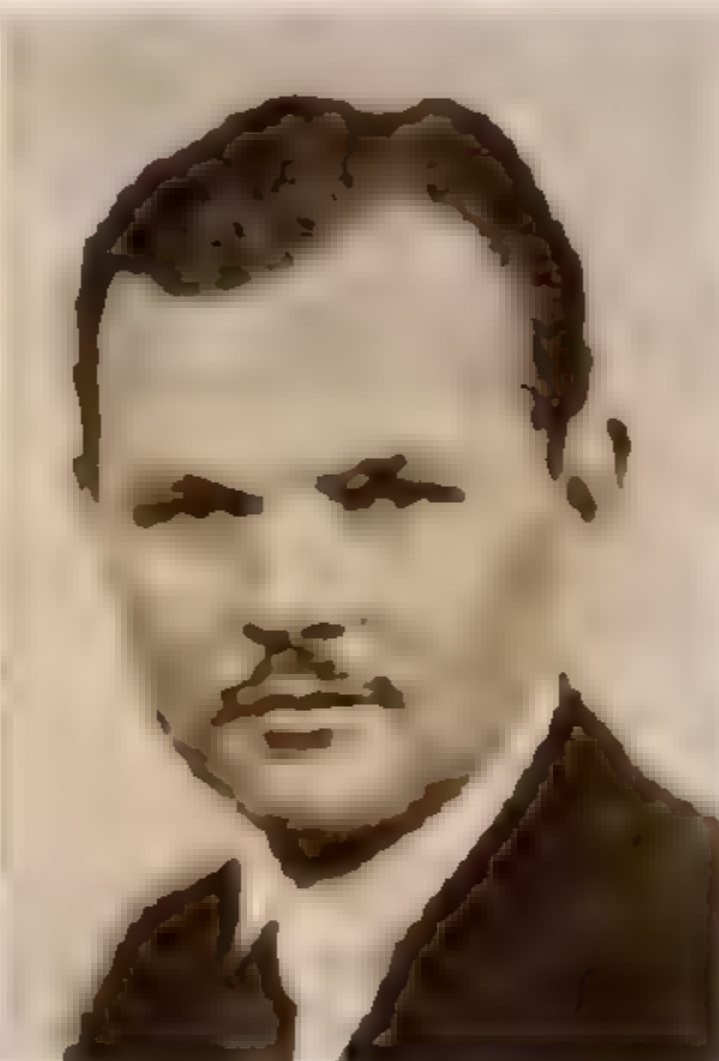
THEY



Bing Crosby



Annette Hanshaw



Lawrence Tibbett



Jessica Dragonette

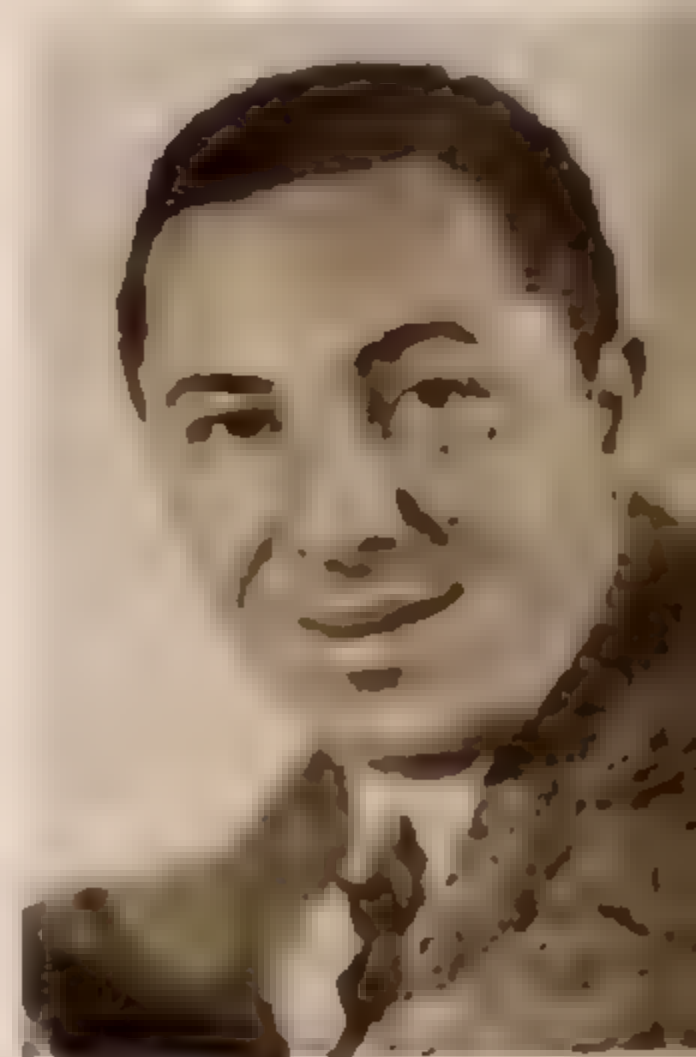
MALE POPULAR SINGER: BING CROSBY

FEMALE POPULAR SINGER: ANNETTE HANSHAW

MALE CLASSIC SINGER: LAWRENCE TIBBETT

FEMALE CLASSIC SINGER: JESSICA DRAGONETTE

POPULAR ORCHESTRA LEADER: RUDY VALLEE



Joe Penner

WHEN RADIO STARS Magazine conducts a national radio poll to determine our popular artists of the air, that's something to talk about. For is there any one of you who doesn't want to know what other listeners think of your favorites? After all, you know, readers of RADIO STARS (and they were the ones to do the voting) represent a good cross section of opinion in this business called broadcasting.

Put on your old gray robe while we don our golden crown and be ready when the great news comes. Here it is!

Jessica Dragonette, the lovely soprano of NBC's *Café Society Hour*, has been adjudged the most popular female classic singer. Muriel Wilson ranked second in this division, followed by Lily Pons and then Rosa Ponselle.

The most popular male singer is still Bing Crosby. W

RADIO STARS

WIN!

Joe Penner,
new in radio,
walks off with
honors. Bing
Crosby re-
mains the
girls' favorite
he-man



Don Ameche



June Meredith



Rudy Vallee



Guy Lombardo



James Wallington

POPULAR ORCHESTRA: GUY LOMBARDO'S

ACTRESS: JUNE MEREDITH

ACTOR: DON AMECHE

ANNOUNCER: JAMES WALLINGTON

COMEDIAN: JOE PENNER

say "still" because Bing has made a habit of winning polls. But close on his heels is Lanny Ross in second place. Rudy Vallee ranked third and Frank Parker is in fourth place.

Lawrence Tibbett came out on top in the division of male classic singers. Romantic Nino Martini is the second place winner, with John McCormick and Conrad Thibault in third and fourth places respectively.

Little Annette Hanshaw held her early lead to win first among the female popular singers. Second place went to Ethel Shutta, third to Ruth Etting and fourth to Kate Smith.

The honors for the most popular orchestra leader went to Rudy Vallee, the man who has remained popular so many years. Ben Bernie came next followed by Fred Waring and Wayne King. (Continued on page 97)



(Left) George Hall is a friend that is a friend—ask anyone on Broadway. (Top) The orchestra loves to toot for this Maestro. Loretta Lee is the attractive singer.

That's George Hall—the one-man Salvation Army of Broadway

RADIO'S FATHER CONFESSOR

By LESTER COTTLIEB

It happened in Lindy's. Things have a way of happening in this favorite restaurant of Radio Row; in this tavern where gangsters rub elbows with tired tycoons. It was here that the fate of Arnold Rothstein was sealed. It is here over pencil-marked table cloths that stars are made over night or wrecked the next morning.

The stars of stage, screen and radio were eating their habitual late suppers, talking shop, talking sop. Smoke clouds from a hundred cigarettes clouded the air. A man entered. His appearance was shabby. He didn't seem to belong in this room where over-dressed Broadwayites wined and dined. He should have entered an eating place some fifty paces below an automat. A wild sort of look was in his eyes. Avoiding the crowded table where Jack Pearl was seated, he went directly to the table of George Hall, dance band maestro of so many Columbia Broadcasting System programs.

The man spoke to George, "Say, George, did you hear

my program tonight? I knocked 'em dead!" His creased face was wreathed in smiles.

He didn't have any radio program and George knew it. "Cantor stole my last gags, but he won't do it again. I told my sponsor—" He began talking louder. People turned around and laughed. George grasped his hand, slipping him some bills. He knew the man had always had a truculent nature. There might be a scene. George's eyes pointed to the door. The man understood. He left quietly, shaking his head.

"Who was that fellow, George?" My curiosity was aroused.

"Poor fellow," he answered. "A couple of years ago he was one of the biggest comedians in vaudeville. Was up there with Cantor and Wynn. Then his mind went like that." George drew an imaginary circle with his index finger. "Persistently he has tried to crash the radio, even got so far as to get an audition. (Continued on page 90)

DON'T FORGET TO PLAY

By MARY JACOBS



(Top) The popular baritone himself—Phil Duey, one of "The Men About Town." (Right) The singer and his understanding wife. (Extreme right) Even at this tender age he was an ace vocalist. Can't you almost hear his delightful song in this picture?



THE story of Phil Duey should serve as a red light at the cross-roads to every man and woman moving ahead in life, straining to reach the top.

How much and whom are you sacrificing in your struggle to forge ahead? Do you take time out to play? Are you making the identical mistakes Phil Duey made? Stop and consider. Duey sacrificed his first love, almost lost his wife, ruined his health. Surrendered everything worth having to feed his ambition before he realized what a perfect sap he was; before he wised up and deliberately set out to learn how to play.

June 15, 1925, proved the turning point in his life. It was on that day, just a year after his marriage, that his wife, Catherine Sroufe Duey, left him.

With what high hopes they had come to New York from Indiana, Phil had received the coveted Juilliard Music Scholarship; success would be his at last. They just knew that they would live happily ever after.

Phil could easily pick up a few odd jobs to support himself while he studied. And the dark, slim, vivacious girl did not intend to become a burden to her young husband. She went right out and got a job as a salesgirl.

How they had looked forward to being in New York—and together. The Great White Way had seemed a street

Ambition is all very well, says Phil Duey, but keep it in its place. Phil sacrificed love and health to find this out

of promise to the young couple.

And now Phil Duey was putting Catherine on the train to Indiana. Somehow, things had not panned out as they had planned. Phil was at school from 10 to 5. He had gotten himself a job as a night clerk at the exclusive Harmonie Club; he was on duty from 10 p.m. to 5 a.m. For Sundays and spare moments he had been engaged to sing in the choir of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church in New York.

Catherine got home from work at 6 p.m. There was dinner to be prepared and served. Then Phil would practice piano or his vocal lessons. Soon he'd kiss her good-by. It was time for him to be going to work. He'd still be sleeping at 7 a.m. when she got up.

FOR young Mrs. Duey, New York became a nightmare. Raised on a farm in Indiana, she had dreamed of gay life in the city, of dancing and night clubs, of going to parties. But she knew no one in New York. Broadway—why, she never saw it. Night clubs? She might just as well have been in Macy, Indiana. Parties? They didn't have time to make friends. Catherine was afraid to get friendly with strangers. So she'd go to the movies by herself; or read of other people's good times; or sit and dream of her girlhood days on the farm when Phil was courting her. Then she (Continued on page 78)

STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL



If they've got a secret, it's your secret, too, because we snoop until we find out. And then the fun begins!

Eddie Cantor just saw somp'n. Must be funny the way it's making Jimmy Wallington laugh.

A RADIO baby is expected the first week in May. The parents-to-be are Mr. and Mrs. John McGovern. Mrs. McGovern, as you may know, is actress Peggy Allenby whose voice you've heard in "K-7," "Radio Guild," "Death Valley Days," the new Palmolive show and other NBC dramatic offerings. The husband is also an NBC actor. They were married in 1932.



AT last, Harriet Hilliard is as free as the birds that sing. The annulment of her marriage to Roy Sedley, comedian, became effective in March. Afterwards, Harriet said: "I know reports are current that I am engaged to Ozzie Nelson, the orchestra leader. They are unwarranted. I have no intention of marrying again, ever." But those of us who've been keeping tab have our doubts. Harriet's lawyer, Harry Oshrin, even has a bet with her that she will marry before a year is out.

WHAT next! NBC presents Margaret West as the "Texas Cowgirl." And it turns out that she has both a Bachelor of Arts and Master of Arts degree from the University of Texas; studied opera; was

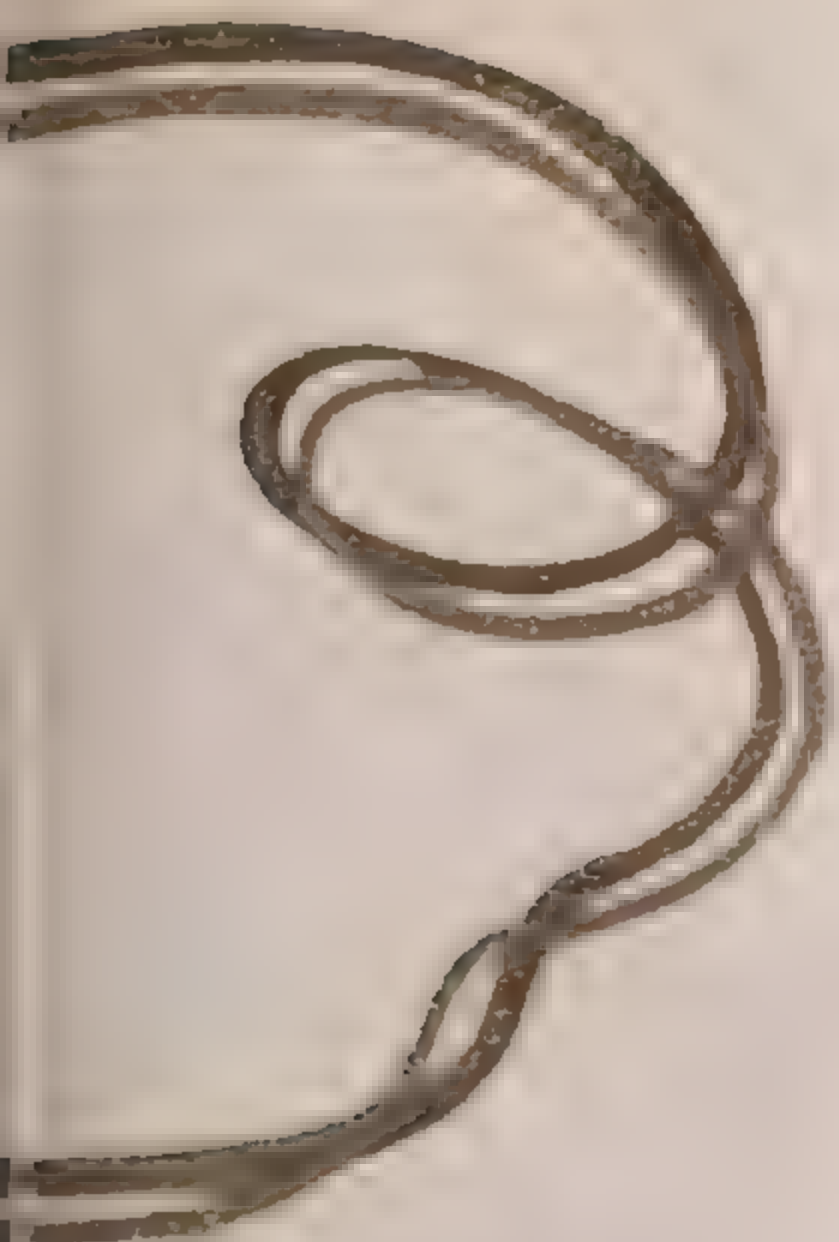
"Hold everything," says Ted Fiorito to his boys, "Dick Powell's doin' a little croonin' to the Debutantes and to you gals listenin' at home."

(Right) The feller in this picture has been kidding you. Know how bewildered Cecil Lean is at Cleo Mayfields' remarks? Well, he writes 'em.

McElliott



RADIO STARS



Seymour

They look like a couple of lovers and they are—on the air. Don Ameche and Sally Ward.



Bicycles made for two. Raymond Paige, Hollywood maestro, and Ethel Mermer.



Carson Robison and his Buckaroos. (l. to r.) Bill Mitchell, Robison, Pearl Pickens, John Mitchell.

engaged to sing with the Chicago Opera Company; during the past season was a Metropolitan Opera fan. Didn't know cowgirls were so up-and-coming, did you?

MYRTLE VAIL has finally found time to file suit for divorce from George Damerel. During the three years she has been on the air, Myrt has seen daughter Donna (Marge) through a divorce and another romance which culminated at the altar with Jean Kretzinger, Columbia harmonizer, as the groom. In her action Myrtle charges her husband with desertion. They have been living apart since May, 1932, it is

stated. Damerel, who now resides in Los Angeles, was a musical comedy star twenty-five years ago. Myrtle met George Damerel in 1907 and they were married the same year in New Orleans. She was then just 16 years old. Later they played for years in vaudeville as a team. Six years ago Damerel engaged in the real estate business in Chicago and three years ago Myrtle Vail walked into the office of Phil Wrigley and sold him "Myrt and Marge."

Myrtle made no claim for alimony but asked custody of her son, George Damerel, Jr., 16 years old, a student at Pacific Military college near Los Angeles. Myrt's divorce action has revived rumors of her romance with the Rudy Vallee of the Pampas, Argentinian Don Dean who flew up from Buenos Aires last Christmas to pay her a flying visit. Myrt maintains she will never marry again, however. Her intimates insist that she and George Damerel are friendly still and expect always to be so.

ANOTHER radio romance has gone awry! The day before Carmella Ponselle, sister of Rosa Ponselle, reached Chicago to sing with the Chicago Grand Opera company, the newspapers revealed that Francis X. Bushman, the first big star of the moviedom, had taken out a license to marry her. But when she arrived, reporters were confounded because the former matinee idol was not on hand to meet his fiancée. What they did not know was that Bushman at

that moment was on the air from WGN with Elizabeth Hines on his popular "Movie Personalities" program. Perhaps the dark-eyed Carmella did not quite understand either. Suffice it to say the marriage license was not used. Later it was stated on behalf of Bushman that the wedding plans had been cancelled by mutual consent after Bushman's children by his first marriage, now grown up, had counseled against it. There was even the suggestion that the former screen idol might remarry his first wife. His second wife was Beverly Bayne, his leading lady of the celluloids.

EMILIO DE GOGORZA, Spanish baritone appearing with Frank Black's NBC symphony orchestra this month, was born in Brooklyn. But don't get the wrong idea. He really is quite Spanish. It just happens that the stork visited Papa and Mamma de Gogorza while they were on a visit to America from their native Spain. And as soon as little Emilio could call himself a sailor, his parents hustled him back to the land where they were born.

WHAT about new programs for the coming weeks? Recent flashes, which may or may not have become realities by the time you read this, are that John B. Kennedy, NBC commentator and former associate editor of *Colliers* will be the whole show for Pontiac which shifts from CBS to NBC. (Continued on page 82)



Poley, Priscilla and Johnnie

Lenz & Janssen

(Above) Heigh ho and a salute to all you readers, right straight from the heads and hearts of these song shouters of Fred Waring: Poley McClintock, Priscilla Lane and Johnnie Davis, (Below) The lady who successfully mixes her careers, home making and broadcasting for General Foods—Mrs. Frances Barton.

(Above) Got him up a ladder. Yep, the fellow stand- is Howard Barlow, conductor of the Columbia Sym- phony Orchestra, with Jules Matfeld, in charge of CBS's music library. (Below) Pappy, Ezra, Zeke and Elton, you guessed it, they're the Ozark Hill Billies, whom, as you see, like big safety pins.

Jackson

Pappy, Ezra, Zeke and Elton



Mrs. Barton



WHAT'S HAPPENED TO SINGIN' SAM?

BY BLAND
MULHOLLAND

WHAT IS SINGIN' SAM DOIN' WHEN HE AIN'T SINGIN'

SINGIN' SAM has a lot of mighty tall explainin' to do, folks. He owes it to you who love his deep, rich, money songs. He knows he does, too.

Last December Sam quit radio and became Harry Frankel once more. He'd made his money from broadcasting and was going to retire from the entertainment world once and for all. That was what most of you listeners were given to understand.

By the time you read this, the chances are he'll be back on the air booming out his old-time songs for his former sponsor.

What was behind this mysterious disappearing act? Was it, as some in studio circles hinted, that he had become unpopular with listeners? Had he disagreed with his sponsors? Was he tired of it all or did he want to give, not himself, but his listeners a rest?

What makes a radio star retire at the height of his fame, you might ask. Well, loudspeaker popularity is full of pitfalls. Fickle public opinion suddenly sets favorites on the side of the road and rushes heedlessly on to the next star. Was it the realization of such dangers which made Singin' Sam quit? Or did he really quit at all?

I went to Singin' Sam and put these questions to him squarely. Harry Frankel wants you to talk to him like a man. His geniality is straightforward, unassumed. His mind is as rugged as his body. He doesn't beat around a bush, he crashes straight through them. Yet you to whom his songs appeal know that he must be kindly, too. He is.

So I walked up Broadway toward his hotel I was conscious of the hush which seems to fall over that great thoroughfare at dusk, when one by one the brilliant signs begin to flare out over the temples of amusement. It was the time of day when many of the most hard-

boiled Broadwayites feel a sort of reverent awe for this unparalleled spectacle.

How like Sam it is to pick a hotel just a few steps from the Great White Way. I realized then, that no matter how much he wanted to, Harry Frankel would never be able to stay out of the amusement world for long.

Show people all dream of a pretty country home with chickens and fresh vegetables, clean air and clean ideas. That's why you must understand before I tell you what actually happened during those months off the air, that Sam has a country home, a beautiful one—one he loves.

MOST of these people of the show world, you know, never have their dreams fulfilled. They go on doing the four-a-day, weary year in and year out. One day a trouper husband might collapse in the wings and die in a dingy hotel room. His wife carries on until some night she too goes the way of so many of them.

Such might well have been Harry Frankel's fate if he hadn't discovered radio as his salvation. For twenty-four years he'd played in show business in every state in the country and in many parts of Canada. He'd felt hunger clawing at his belly, felt it when he had no money to buy greasepaint he needed to earn pennies for food.

Sam had his thrilling ups and bitter downs in the minstrel days with Al G. Fields and Frank Tinney. With Joe Dunleavy, he created the original "Two Black Birds."

Many of the old-timers he played with are gone—dead. Some might as well be dead, so completely have they been forgotten. That's why Harry Frankel considers it a lucky day when a friend asked him to advertise his lawnmower business over the air. When, in a short time, he'd brought in more orders than his manufacturer friend could fill, he was snatched up by another eager sponsor, for whom in a week's broadcast he brought (Continued on page 84)

RADIO STARS

When those fellers get done hollering, Vivien Ruth will give her fans a break with that lovely voice of hers. The guys holding up the show are the "Happy Wonder Bakers" (left to right) Jack Parker, Frank Luther and Phil Duey. (Below right) Johnny Green without his orchestra, and Ruth Etting and Ted Husing huddled in a harmonious little get-to-gether at the studio.



Foto News

(Below) Stretching—a good exercise, when it's the accordion, sez Phil Baker, but he swapped accordions with Martha Mears, singer on the Armour hour, to take it.

(Below) Cliff Soubier and June Meredith. When these two get together you can imagine the lively dialogue that breezes over the radio during "Talkie Picture Time."



RADIO STARS



(Below, left) It's the Baron Jack Pearl Munchausen, or so he tells us. The Baron, as always, is showing off, this time it's his figure in Florida.

(Below, right) We hope Jeannie Lang and Jack Whiting see their pictures on a hot summer day. Won't they wish for winter again?



Foto News



Wide World

(Below) "The Household Memories." Fraulein Alice Mock, (left to right) Charles Sears, Tom, Dick, Edgar Guest, the poet, and Harry. And we're not kidding you.

(Below) The "Buck Rogers" program going over the air. (Left to right) Adele Ronson (Wilma Deering), Edgar Stelhi (Dr. Huer) and Curtis Arnall (Buck Rogers).



Tenor Richard Crooks isn't laughing, that's just the way he looks when he sings. Crooks and Lawrence Tibbett, both leading opera singers, take turns singing on "The Voice of Firestone."

Broadway figures—like 'em? (Left to right) Vera Van, Vincent Lopez, Jack Whiting, and Jack Denny. They're going to drink that stuff for three weeks. For their figures, they say.

Wide World



Richard Crooks



Just Grapefruit

GADDING ABOUT WITH



A Party for Dogs



Clara, Lu, 'n' Em

Wide World

Dogs—a party for favored pups. (Left to right) Rudy Vallee with Windy, Joe Penner with Musse, Hal LeRoy with Butch, and Tullio Carminati with Dark Hazzard. They all enjoyed the party.

They're taking it serious, this business of broadcasting. (Left to right) Em, (Helen King), Clara (Louise Starkey), Gene Paul King, their director and no relation to Em, and Lu (Isobel Carothers).

Mary Livingston—yep, Jack Benny's favorite stooge and wife. That love light in her eyes is better than all this southern sunshine, Benny, and a whole lot more certain and dependable than old Sol.



Mary Livingston

This is Belgium and Wade Booth, that vagabond bard and philanthropist. He goes all over the world having glamorous adventure and then he sings about it, just like the bards of story book fame did.



A Bard of Old

OUR CANDID CAMERA



Casa Loma Boys

Culver

Meet Kenneth Sargent and Walter Hunt (Kenny and PeeWee to you) The rose between the two vocalizing thorns of the Casa Loma Orchestra is Maestro Glen Gray. They wrote this caption.



Scrappy Lambert

McElliott

Scrappy Lambert all by his lonesome. Wants you to know his big baritone does solos as well as blending in melody with his trio of pals in quartet. How do you like him and his warbling, anyway?



Do you know the names and
ages of Rudy's band boys?



Jacques Renard, CBS, (above) rivals
B. A. Rolfe, NBC, for heavyweight
honors among bandmen.



Pedro Via is that guy playing
Cuban ditties over NBC's blue-
network four times a week.



Lettie Lee waves a balon over an
all male band over KGER, Los
Angeles. Congrats Lettie.

● Late March and April saw one of the biggest shifts in orchestras and other artists that we've seen since last summer. Don Bestor deserted the Nestle program in order to get the new General Tire spot with Comedian Jack Benny who recently left the Chevrolet show. Don also has taken up his stand at the Hotel Pennsylvania in Manhattan where George Olsen used to hold forth. Olsen is now on tour. His wife, Ethel Shutta, also left the Nestle program in order to go along with hubby.

For the first time in many summers, Guy Lombardo will not be at the Pavillon on Long Island, but is moving into the Waldorf-Astoria, New York's smartest hotel. Dick Messner is making music at the Hotel Piccadilly over CBS wires after a run at London Terrace in Manhattan.

Sam Robbins, formerly on the NBC from the Hotel McAlpin, is now a CBS feature.

B. A. Rolfe decided to leave his Hudson-Terraplane program (it's said there was sponsor trouble) to wield a baton in the Avenue Restaurant, Fifth Avenue, New York, formerly known as the "Old Happiness Restaurant." His singer, by the by, is Zora Layman who, in private life, is none other than Mrs. Frank Luther, wife of the tenor.

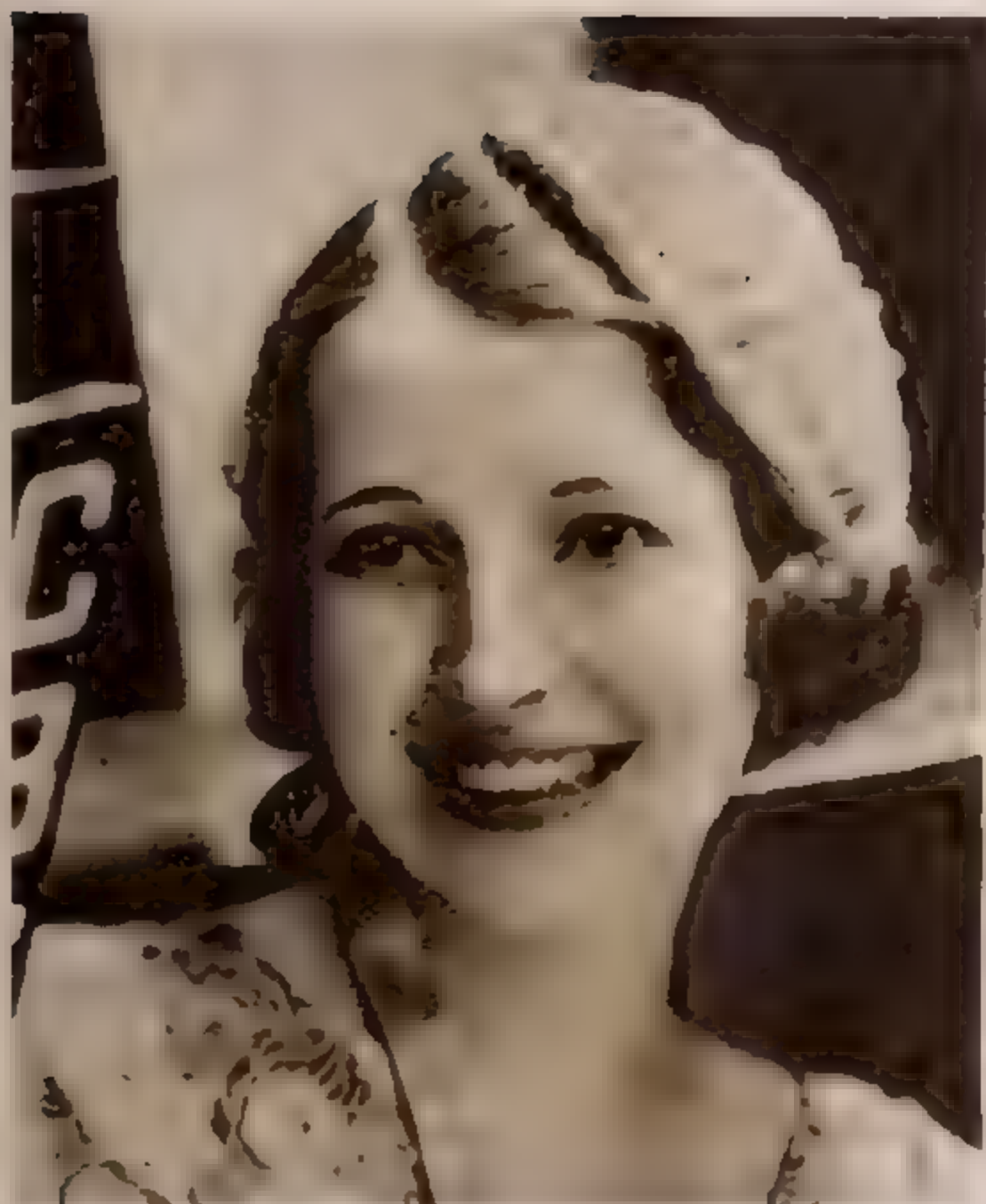
Ex-Lax and Isham Jones didn't get along so well on "nature's way to health" program, so out went Isham and in came Erno Rapee. Erno, you know, already is holding down the Linit hour on CBS and directing the Radio City Music Hall orchestra through five shows a day. He's



BOX

By WILSON BROWN

Wayne King narrowly escapes injury as bandits fire on him; New York bands swap places



Mary Danis finds it's easy to sing for Enoch Light, CBS. He's her well-known husband.



Here you are—you Al Pearce fans. Al's guitarist. Tony Romano, on NBC from the West Coast.



"Smooth as silk"—that's Ted Weems, the Realsilk pilot on NBC Sundays from Chicago.

a man who just doesn't have time to sleep or eat. Maybe that's why he's thin. Ex-Lax now is broadcasting from great big Carnegie Hall so 3,000 people can watch the exotic performances of Gertrude Niesen and Erno.

Victor Young no sooner finished his Pond's series than he succeeded Frank Black as maestro for Chevrolet, while Frank Black again set about directing symphony orchestras up at NBC.

Barney Rapp, whom you heard last from the Hotel New Yorker over CBS and from the Netherlands Plaza in Cincinnati over WLW, is back in New York with a band organized and ready for the first job that comes along. He may get his New Yorker back some of these days. Or he may take some out-of-town dates.

When the Marx Brothers became advertisements for American Oil on CBS, off went Jack Denny's band. Why? Well some say the oilers had to pay the Marxes so much they couldn't afford Jack. So Freddie Martin, who just completed a run at the Hotel Savoy-Plaza in New York, got the spot.

Rubinoff, spotted in the Hotel Roosevelt at this writing, is due to go to Hollywood soon. In which case this New York hostelry will be looking for a new maestro.

Jan Garber of "The Yeast Foamers" hour will be on the air from Catalina Island this summer from a Phil Wrigley spot it's reported. . . . Art (Hell's Bells) Kassel has his "Kassels in the Air" over WLW from the Netherlands Plaza in Cincinnati. . . . Ted (Continued on page 86)

We'll tell the world!



HUZZAH! Huzzah! Huzzah!

Someone's taken your Uncle Answer Man seriously. Miss Ann Graves of California, smart gal that she is, knew that Unkie answered only those questions asked most often. So, by actual count, she asked her question sixteen times in one letter.

For such astuteness, she gets the Answer Man's award of a hand-tooled question mark, engraved with her name, and placed in his front hall of fame with his second prize for the underwater swim. But don't any of you try it. It won't work, not even if you put your questions in separate envelopes and disguise your handwriting. (By the way, if you must do this, mail them on different days. That'll mystify Unkie no end.)

No fooling, he's sort of serious about not answering questions personally and about your confining them to two a month apiece.

Now to see if he really knows all the answers.

✦ Q. When will Floyd Gibbons be back on the air? (That was what bothered Miss Graves.)

A. Goodness, right away there's an answer Unkie doesn't know. But then neither do the networks, or for that matter, does Gibbons.

✦ Q. Are Mr. and Mrs. Billy Batchelor really and truly married?

A. Half of them is. Raymond Knight is married to Ruth Adams Yingling who, under the name of Ruth Adams Peiter, used to be literary editor of the Toledo Times. But the other, if not better, half of the Batchelors, Alice Davenport, is single.

✦ Q. We just love your stories on Lanny Ross, but can't you give us some cold, hard biographical details?

A. From the way you girls ask about Lanny, no facts I could give would seem cold and hard. How-

ever, his honest-to-goodness name is Lancelot Patrick Ross, which he's borne since he was born on January 19, 1906, in Seattle, Washington. The blood that courses through his veins is English, Welsh and Scotch. (What, Patrick for a middle name and no Irish blood?) He went to school in Paterson, N. J., Chicago, Pittsburgh, Montreal and other cities, then to Taft prep and Yale. He first studied singing when a boy soprano at New York's Cathedral of St. John the Divine. He was first on the air over NBC while still at Yale. How well the Answer Man remembers seeing him sing there, his mother at the piano. Lanny is 6 feet one and one-half inches tall, weighs 165 pounds, has blue gray eyes, fair complexion and medium brown hair. He dislikes all creamed or highly seasoned foods. He's not married nor engaged, nor will he tell what kind of a girl he likes. Do you think he wants to be mobbed?

✦ Q. What's happened to Jack Arnold who used to play with Myrt and Marge?

A. Behind the footlights in vaudeville. It's doubtful if he'll ever come back to his old program.

✦ Q. Bet you can't give the cast of Betty and Bob.

A. Can so. Look, like this.

Betty—Beatrice Churchill; Bob—Don Ameche; Marcia—Betty Winkler; Tony Harker—Don Briggs; Madelaine—Loretta Poynton; Gardenia—Edith Davis; George Hartford—Arthur Jacobson; Jane Hartford—Dorothy Schreiber; Mr. Burt—Bob Fisk; Mr. Douglass—Butler Mandeville; Baby—Dolores Gillen; and Mrs. Vickers—Mary McCormick. Come on now, pay up.

✦ Q. Is June Meredith of the First Nighter, married?

A. Not today, thank you.

✦ Q. We'd simply adore to have you print something about Conrad Thibault?

A. Delighted to. He's the lad who was encouraged by Calvin Coolidge when he was singing in a Northampton, Massachusetts, church choir. Prior to that, he'd gone to school in Northbridge where he was born November 13, 1906, of French extraction. He started radio in Philadelphia and later spent four years in the Philadelphia Grand Opera Company. He likes football and hockey, plays tennis and golf, and likes to swim. He is five feet eleven, weighs 165 pounds, has brown eyes, dark brown hair and olive complexion. Conrad is a widower.

✦ Q. Can you give the heights, weights and ages of Babs Ryan, Priscilla and Rosemary Lane and Irene Taylor?

A. Ah, now you've hit on statistics which Uncle A. M. finds rather fascinating. Babs—five feet three and one-half inches tall, 112 pounds, twenty years old; Priscilla—five feet two inches tall, 108 pounds, seventeen years old; Rosemary—five feet three and three-quarters inches tall, 108 pounds, eighteen years old, and Irene—four feet eleven inches tall, 110 pounds and twenty-five years old.

✦ Q. Is Charles Lyons, the announcer, married?

(Continued on page 89)

FROM INVALID'S BED TO BROADWAY . . .

By DENA REED

HAVE you ever been a child with your nose flattened against the baker's window, longing, your whole soul longing, for the sweets you can never taste?

Or perhaps you've been the child standing just next to him, who once *did* have a taste and so know what you've missed. Your eyes are a bit more wistful and the slump of your shoulders is just a little deeper. Whichever fellow you've been, you'll agree this second boy tugs more at your heartstrings.

But can you believe it, incredible truth reveals that Broadway's own hill-billy, Walter O'Keefe, no less, is such a second boy? We know you will shake your head and say, "Not the Walter O'Keefe we know, not the wise-cracking lad who sings those wicked songs in his own inimitable way! Not *that* boy!"

The truth is that Walter O'Keefe, at the age of twenty, was faced with a doctor's verdict that he might never walk again! And he can still clown like that? Yes, paradoxically as it may seem, that is the reason for his clowning.

What brought him through, you are asking. And what, indeed, do people such as Walter have that challenges defeat—that overcomes all obstacles?

Let us consider his life and piece together the pattern of that crazy-quilt that is the Walter O'Keefe who is a puzzle and a great inspiration at the same time.

Walter was born in Hartford, the son of Michael O'Keefe, a famous vaudevillian. Here, then, is the background of good, God-fearing stock, of folks who toiled and trouped. They weren't well-off, but they were "comfortable," and when Walter, the eldest of four, was selected by his mother to become a priest, he agreed, with casual good humor which is an integral part of his nature, to be sent to Wimbleton School in England, where his uncle, who was a chaplain, could keep an eye on his promising nephew.

But Walter soon found that life was more fun than a priest could comfortably enjoy, and this youth who turned this trait to account in his dark hour, faced the facts. When

Calamity chiseled a niche in the entertainment world for a funny man, when Walter O'Keefe, on intimate terms with tragedy, used it to make others laugh



Walter O'Keefe, the Broadway Hill Billy, makes merry with Ethel Shutta on the Nestle program over NBC.

England entered the war and Walter was sent home to complete his prep training at St. Thomas Academy, he said to his mother, "Ma, I don't think I want to be a priest. Gosh, I see so many funny things in life—I, I just laugh at the wrong time!"

MRS. O'KEEFE sighed, but this bonny Irish lad of hers had a way with him, and she smiled, too, as she said, "Go 'long with you!" She probably realized, too, in the quiet, wise way that mothers have, that while Walter was agreeable to her suggestions, he was able and willing to look eye-to-eye at facts as he found them, and he was firmly determined now against the priesthood.

So Walter wrote a letter to Notre Dame saying he wanted to attend the famous school and would be willing to work his way through. Here is revealed his most striking trait—a oneness of purpose for which he is willing to sacrifice, work and, if need be, to die for! An encouraging reply started Walter on that eventful trip to South Bend, Indiana.

That first year he roomed at the famous Knute Rockne home, and, lest you believe his curriculum was an easy one, here's an outline of his routine at that time: Up before daylight and from 6 to 8 in the morning he worked as a telephone boy at the office of the *South Bend News-Times*; then he dashed off to classes. From 12:30 to 1:15 he rehearsed with the glee club. From 3 to 4:30 he pasted botanical specimens in the chemistry lab where Rockne was an instructor. From 5:30 to 9 he was at the newspaper office again answering the telephone and running errands. That he even found time to take part in a musical show, reveals his capacity for severe self-mastery.

This musical show gave O'Keefe his first unforgettable taste in the art of entertaining, the art of making others laugh—as he would some day come to do in the face of stark tragedy!

After graduation O'Keefe naturally gravitated toward a newspaper office and worked as a reporter, an advertising man and a real estate operator. It was the time of the Florida land boom, and he made and lost a fortune there. He was finding his niche (*Continued on page 75*)



Ruth Etting and a king had a hand in making these dishes



General Foods



(Above) Grape Zip adds a delightful touch of color to any menu. (Right) Ruth Etting shows you the proper way to arrange the table for buffet service.

By
MRS. ALICE
PAIGE MUNROE



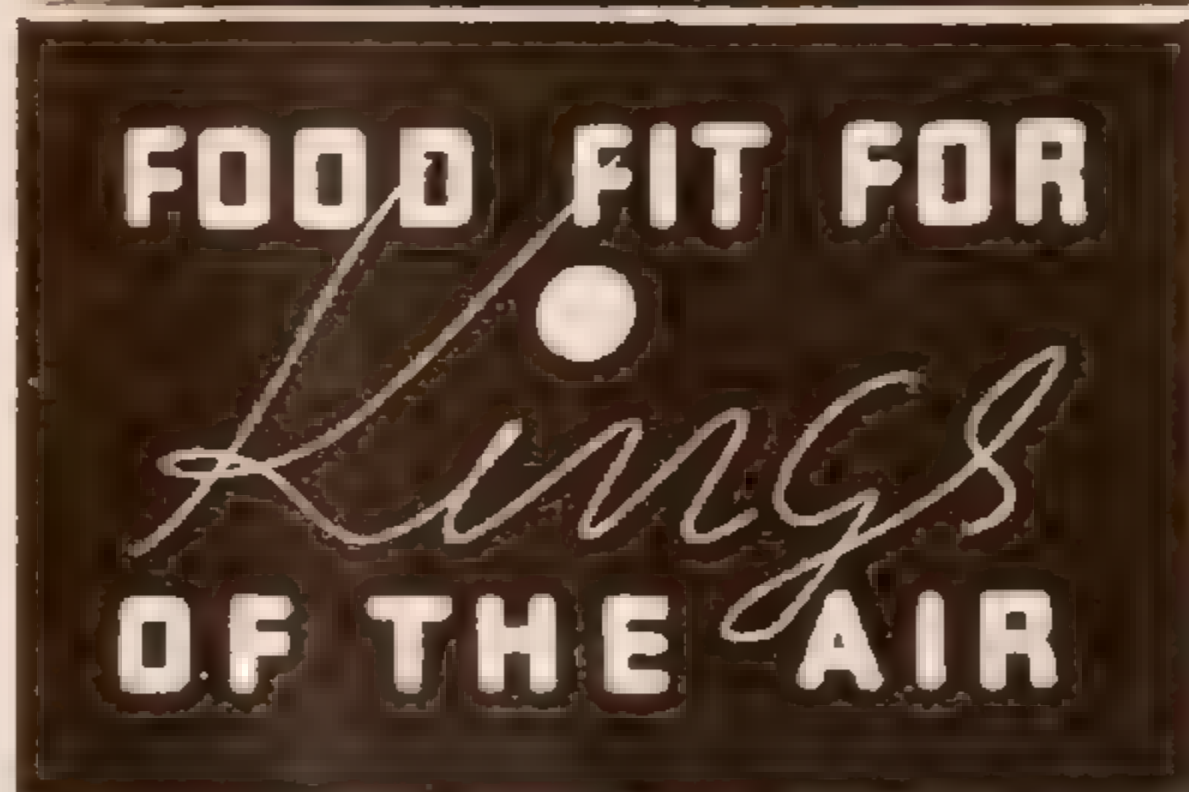
Hormel

(Above) Onion soup—a dish made famous by a French king several hundred years ago and has remained on the connoisseur's menu ever since.

HAVE you a June bride in your home? Then here's good news. Ruth Etting is going to give us some valuable tips on how to prepare the perfect wedding breakfast or supper. So there's one perplexing problem you can scratch right off the list that confronts you on that momentous occasion. I advise every one of you to listen to what Ruth says, even if you're not celebrating a marriage. For after all, her hints are adaptable to that important dinner you must eventually give for Mr. and Mrs. So-and-So. And there's certainly no reason for not treating the family to these tempting dishes. Lobster Croquettes, for instance, brighten up any dinner, and the Fruit Punch or the Grape Zip, two warm weather specials, will make a great hit with everyone.

"I've noticed for one thing," Ruth told me, "that the smartest wedding breakfasts and suppers are simple. The breakfast or the supper can be served at small tables or from a buffet, whichever way you prefer. Both methods make serving easy.

"The bridal party," Miss Etting continued, "is seated at a table placed somewhat aside from the other guests. (Even at the buffet service they are apart.) At the table sit the bride and groom, bridesmaids and ushers. The parents of the couple also sit there, but at a buffet service it's better for them to move among the guests.



tall, white candles near the cake. The silver, napery and china are laid out on the table.

"The piece de resistance, of course, is the bride's cake, rich and brilliant with its glistening white frosting. This year, the round, one-tiered cake is popular. The initials of the bride and groom are frosted on top."

YOU can make the gleaming bride's cake at home. Don't be afraid to attempt it. I've included a grand recipe for it, together with a delectable white frosting, in my June recipe folder which is yours for the asking.

"The soup is served in bouillon or tea cups," Ruth continued. "And do you know, everybody likes onion soup?"

Do I know it! I should say. And only recently a new canned onion soup was brought to my attention. It has a savory taste that will tickle anybody's palate. I'll be glad to tell you about it if you are interested.

Of course if you want to make your own onion soup here's how: Cut 6 onions into (Continued on page 84)

IF YOU WANT TO BE BEAUTIFUL

Got any designs on your favorite
life guard? Here's how you can
win the handsome fellow

By

Caroline Belmont



HERE it is almost time for a swim and you haven't had one bit of instruction about your figure. No one has scolded you since last September and summer is just around the corner again. Look at yourself and see what the cold weather has done to you. Turn on your brightest light tonight, slip out of your clothes and squarely face those dangerous curves ahead.

Just as I thought. You stick way out in the wrong places and are as flat as my billfold in front. Yes, I know you are going to say, "But I don't weigh anymore; well—er, that is—I don't *think* I do." But—remember—the tape measure doesn't fib.

On those chilly days you hopped the first bus that came along instead of walking. And of course it is natural to slump into your coat collar when the wintry blasts blow down your neck. Then on top of this you haven't eaten as much fruit and fresh vegetables as you do in spring and summer. So now you've gone and gotten all soft and flabby and roundly out of shape.

Well, this month you are in for a regular preachment

on exercise, whether you need to reduce, or to gain, or just need general shaping up. You want your figure to be a target for admiration when you put on one of those new bathing suits with no back and scarcely any middle. And if you aren't going in for swimming, you'll need these exercises to induce that slim silhouette so necessary to enhance summer sports clothes.

Oh, yes, I'll include some new beauty stunts and latest fripperies before I finish, but first you must lend me your ear, as Marc Antony once said, and I'll give you some *fundamental* beauty tips. I might even tell you how to cover up a blotch on the end of your nose or obliterate a scar that would mar that "school girl complexion." However, I've got to be honest. I know no trick that can conceal ungainly curves and angles except exercise. For there is no short cut to a lovely figure. Girdles might help to hold in your tummy and hips a bit, and the type of clothes you choose may be of some assistance, but you just cannot hide an awkward figure. Nothing can remedy it but twisting and bending and jumping, and no one can do this for you but you. (Continued on page 87)

PROGRAMS DAY BY DAY



Donald Novis

WARNING!

Programs based on Eastern Daylight Time

Since some country slickers won't have their time saved and some city yokels will, we can't break down the programs into time divisions as we used to until all this blows over. Besides, these last-minute program changers have already helped us get the programs 99.9 percent wrong, and we think that's enough.

Hence, by golly, we have to do as NBC and CBS do, and base our listing on Eastern Daylight Time. If you're in some other district, the conversion chart below is for your convenience.

SUNDAYS

(May 6th, 13th, 20th and 27th.)

- 8:30 A.M. EDT (1/2)—The Balladeers. Male chorus and instrumental trio. WEA and an NBC red network. Station list unavailable.
- 9:00 EDT—Sunday Morning at Aunt Susan's. Children's program, but lots of older ones listen. WABC, WADC, WCAO, WAAB, WGR, WHK, CKLW, WOWO, WFBM, KMBC, WCAU, WJAS, WFBL, WSPD, WJSV, WQAM, WDBO, WGST, WPG, WLBZ, WICC, KRDL, KTRH, KLRA, WREC, WISN, WCCO, WSFA, WLAC, KOMA, WMBD, WDBJ, WHEC, KTSB, WTOC, KSCJ, WMAS, WIH, WACO, WMT, KFH, WSJS, WORC, WKB, WNAX, WBNS.
- 10:00 EDT (1/2)—Southernaires Quartet. Poignant harmony. WJZ and an NBC blue network. Station list unavailable.
- 10:00 EDT (1/2)—The Radio Pulpit. Dr. S. Parkes Cadman. WEA and an NBC red network. Station list unavailable.
- 11:05 EDT (1/2)—Morning musicale. WJZ and an NBC blue network. Station list unavailable.
- 11:15 EDT (1)—Major Bowes Capitol Family. Tom McLoughlin, baritone; Hannah Klein, pianist; Nicholas Cosentino, ten.; Four Minute Men, male quartet; symphony orchestra. WEA and an NBC red network. Station list unavailable.
- 11:30 EDT (1)—Salt Lake City Tabernacle Choir and Organ. Magnificence in Church music. (WABC on 12:00 noon). WADC, WOKO, WACO, CKLW, WDR, WQAM, WDBO, WGST, WPG, WCAH, WLBW, WHP, WFLA, WDBJ, WORC, WKB, (WNAC, WCAU-W3XAU, WEAN, WSPD, WHEC, on 11:45. WICC, WTOC off 11:45.) KMBC, WHAS, WBR, WDOD, WTAQ, KTRH, KLRA, WREC, KOMA, WMBD, WLBW, WMT, WCCO, WLAC, WDSU, WSBT, WACO (WISN on 10:45. WOWO off 10:45). KFOR, KLZ. (Network especially subject to change.)
- 12:15 EDT (1/4)—Baby Rose Marie, juvenile sob-sister of song. (Tastyeast.) WJZ, WBZ, WBZA, WBAL, WMAL, WLW, WHAM, WJR, WSYR, KDKA.
- 12:30 P.M. EDT (1)—Radio City Concerts; Symphony Orchestra; Chorus; Soloists. WJZ and an NBC blue network. Station list unavailable.
- 1:00 EDT (1/2)—Road to Romany: Gypsy Music. WEA and an NBC Red network. Station list unavailable.
- 1:30 EDT (1/2)—National Youth Radio Conference. Dr. Daniel Poling. WJZ and an NBC Blue network. Station list unavailable.
- 1:30 EDT (1/2)—Mary Small (big for 11 years old); William Wirtes Orchestra; guest artists. (B. T. Babbitt and Co.) WEA, WTAG, WJAR, WFI, WFB, WGY, WBN, WCAE, WSAI, WTAM, WEEI, WMAQ, WSH, WRC, WWJ, KSD, WOC, WHO, WOW, WDAF.
- 1:30 EDT (1/2)—Lazy Dan, the Minstrel Man. (A. S. Boyle Floor Wax.) WABC, WADC, WDR, WBT, WTAR,

Eastern Daylight Saving Time	Eastern Standard Time	Mountain Daylight and Central Standard Time	Pacific Daylight and Mountain Standard Time	Pacific Standard Time
1 A.M.	12 Mdt.	11 P.M.	10 P.M.	9 P.M.
2 A.M.	1 A.M.	12 Mdt.	11 P.M.	10 P.M.
3 A.M.	2 A.M.	1 A.M.	12 Mdt.	11 P.M.
4 A.M.	3 A.M.	2 A.M.	1 A.M.	12 Mdt.
5 A.M.	4 A.M.	3 A.M.	2 A.M.	1 A.M.
6 A.M.	5 A.M.	4 A.M.	3 A.M.	2 A.M.
7 A.M.	6 A.M.	5 A.M.	4 A.M.	3 A.M.
8 A.M.	7 A.M.	6 A.M.	5 A.M.	4 A.M.
9 A.M.	8 A.M.	7 A.M.	6 A.M.	5 A.M.
10 A.M.	9 A.M.	8 A.M.	7 A.M.	6 A.M.
11 A.M.	10 A.M.	9 A.M.	8 A.M.	7 A.M.
12 Noon	11 A.M.	10 A.M.	9 A.M.	8 A.M.
1 P.M.	12 Noon	11 A.M.	10 A.M.	9 A.M.
2 P.M.	1 P.M.	12 Noon	11 A.M.	10 A.M.
3 P.M.	2 P.M.	1 P.M.	12 Noon	11 A.M.
4 P.M.	3 P.M.	2 P.M.	1 P.M.	12 Noon
5 P.M.	4 P.M.	3 P.M.	2 P.M.	1 P.M.
6 P.M.	5 P.M.	4 P.M.	3 P.M.	2 P.M.
7 P.M.	6 P.M.	5 P.M.	4 P.M.	3 P.M.
8 P.M.	7 P.M.	6 P.M.	5 P.M.	4 P.M.
9 P.M.	8 P.M.	7 P.M.	6 P.M.	5 P.M.
10 P.M.	9 P.M.	8 P.M.	7 P.M.	6 P.M.
11 P.M.	10 P.M.	9 P.M.	8 P.M.	7 P.M.
12 Mdt.	11 P.M.	10 P.M.	9 P.M.	8 P.M.

- WHEC, WCAO, WKBW, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WCAU-W3XAU, WJAS, WJSV, WBNS, WMBG, WBBM, KMBC, WHAS, WCCO, KMOX, WWVA, KRDL, WOWO, WGST, WLAC, WDSU, KOMA, KSCJ, WMT, KSL, KLZ, KFPY, KFOR, KGB, KHJ, KOIN, KOL, KVI, KERN, KMJ, KFBK, KDB, KWG.
- 2:00 EDT (1/2)—Bar X Days and Nights. (Health Products.) WJZ, WBAL, WSYR, KDKA, WMAL, WBJ, WBZA, CRCT, WGAR, WJR, WCKY, KWK, KWCR, KSO, WREN, KOIL, KYW.
- 2:00 EDT (1/2)—Admiral Gene Arnold and his four Commodores. (Crazy Crystals Water Company.) WEA, WWJ, WWNC, WTAG, WEEI, WJAR, WSH, WFB, WRC, WGY, WBN, WTAM, WCAE, WMAQ, WPTF, WKY, WLW, WFAA, KPRC, WOAI, KVOO, WOW, KOA, WRVA, WIS, WJAX, WFLA, WMC, WAPI, WSMB.
- 2:00 EDT (1/2)—Everett Marshall, baritone; Jerry Freeman's orchestra; Chorus. (Bi-Sol-Dol.) WABC, WCAO, WNAC, WKRW, WJAS, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WCAU-W3XAU, WJSV, WBT, CFRB, WBBM, KMOX, WCCO, WDSU, WLBW, WHAS, KOMA, KMBC, KRDL, WLAC, KLZ, KSL, KFPY, KFOR, KGB, KHJ, KOIN, KOL, KVI, KERN, KMJ, KFBK, KDB, KWG, CKAC.
- 2:30 EDT (1/4)—Cook Travelogues with Malcolm La Prade. (Thos. Cook & Son.) WEA, WGY, WWJ, WSAI, WRC, WBN, WTAM, WCAE, WTAG, WJAR, WSH, WFB, WSM, WMC, WSB, WJDX, WSMB, WKBF, WAVE.
- 2:30 EDT (1/2)—Big Hollywood Show. Abe Lyman's Orchestra in his "Accordiana" orchestrations. (Sterling Products.)

- WABC, WOKO, WCAO, WNAC, WKBW, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WDR, WCAU-W3XAU, WEAN, WFBL, WJSV, WHEC, CFRB, WBBM, WFBM, KMBC, KMOX, WCCO.
- 2:30 EDT (1/2)—Rings of Melody. Ohman and Arden, piano team; Arlene Jackson, vocalist; Edward Nell, baritone. (Perfect Circle Co.) WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WBZ, WBZA, WSYR, WHAM, KDKA, WGAR, WLW, CRCT, CFCE, WRVA, WPTF, WWNC, WIS, WJAX, WIOD, WFLA, WJR, KWCR, KOIL, KSO, WIBA, KWK, KSTP, WREN, WERC, WDAY, KFPY, KVOO, KTHS, WFAA, KTBS, WOAI, WTMJ, KPRC, KYW, KDYL, KOA, KTAR, KGO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ.
- 3:00 EDT (2)—New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra. WABC, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WNAC, WHK, CKLW, WDR, WCAU-W3XAU, WJAS, WEAN, WSPD, WQAM, WDBO, WKB, WCAH, WICC, WLBW, WBIG, WHP, WFEA, WMBG, WDBJ, WHEC, WTOC, WSJS, WORC, WFBM, KMBC, WHAS, WGST, WBR, WDOD, WTAQ, KTRH, KLRA, WREC, WSBT, WMT, WISN, WCCO, WLAC, WLBW, KFH, WDSU, KOMA, WMBD, WACO, KFOR, KLZ. (Network especially subject to change.)
- 3:00 EDT (1/2)—Talkie Picture Time: The pictures are mental. WEA, WTAG, WEEI, WJAR, WSH, WFI, WRC, WFB, WGY, WCAE, WSAI, WOW, WMAQ, WDAF, WSM, WMC, WOC, KSD, WBN, WTAM, WWJ, WHO, WAPI, WSB, WJDX, WSMB.
- 3:30 EDT (1/2)—Swift Garden Program. Guest Artists. (Swift & Co.) WEA, WTAG, WEEI, WJAR, WSH, WLT, WFB, WRC, WGY, WBN, WCAE, WWJ, WTAM, WSAI, WMAQ, KSD, WOW, WDAF.
- 3:30 EDT (1/2)—Bubbling music of Yeast Foamers. Jan Garber's orchestra. WJZ, WBAL, WBZ, WBZA, WHAM, KDKA, WGAR, WLS, WLW, WRVA, WPTF, WWNC, WIS, WIOD, WFLA, WJAX, WSYR, WMAL, WOAI, KWK, WREN, KOIL, WTMJ, WIBA, WMC, WERC, WAVE, WFAA, KSO, KTBS, WDAY, KFPY, WSM, WSB, WAPI, WJDX, WSMB, KTHS, KVOO, KWCR, KPRC, WKY, WKBF, KOA, KGR, KDYL, KGH, KTAR, KGO, KFI, KOMO, KHQ, KFS, KGW, WSOC.
- 4:30 EDT (1/2)—Princess Pat Players; dramatic program. (Princess Pat, Ltd.) WJZ, WMAL, WBAL, WBZ, WBZA, WSYR, WHAM, KDKA, WENR, KWCR, KSO, KWK, WREN, KOIL.
- 5:00 EDT (1/2)—National Vespers: Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick. WJZ and an NBC Blue network. Station list unavailable.
- 5:15 EDT (1/4)—Waves of Romance—with Vincent Calendo, vocalist; Ted Black and Orch. (Rieser Co.) WEA, WTAG, WEEI, WJAR, WSH, WRC, WGY, WBN, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WSAI, WKBF, WMAQ.
- 5:30 EDT (1/4)—"Grand Hotel." The key-hole to romantic adventure drama. (Campana.) WJZ, WBZ, WBAL, WMAL, WJR, WBZA, WSYR, WCKY, WHAM, KDKA, WGAR, WENR, KWCR, KSO, KWK, WREN,

(Continued on page 68)



MAKE UNSIGHTLY HAIR INVISIBLE WITH MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH



DARK hair on face and arms doesn't get by! Everyone sees it. Men think it undainty, unfeminine. Nature protects the blonde. But the only completely satisfactory protection the brunette has is Marchand's Golden Hair Wash.

Marchand's makes the unsightly hair pale and **UNNOTICEABLE**. After one or two applications of Marchand's, face and arms become dainty and smooth. Marchand's

enables the brunette to do for herself what nature has done for the blonde.

Takes only 20 minutes—avoids the dangers of shaving—does not encourage, coarse re-growth. It does not irritate the skin or make it hard. Most economical.

Blondes Use Marchand's to Keep Hair Smartly, Beautifully Golden.

Marchand's Golden Hair Wash is

used by thousands of attractive blondes. It restores youthful color and luster to darkened hair—brings a new loveliness of subtle lights and glints to the dullest hair. Used safely, successfully at home. Not a dye. Economical—be sure you get **genuine MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH**.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST OR GET BY MAIL

Use Coupon Below

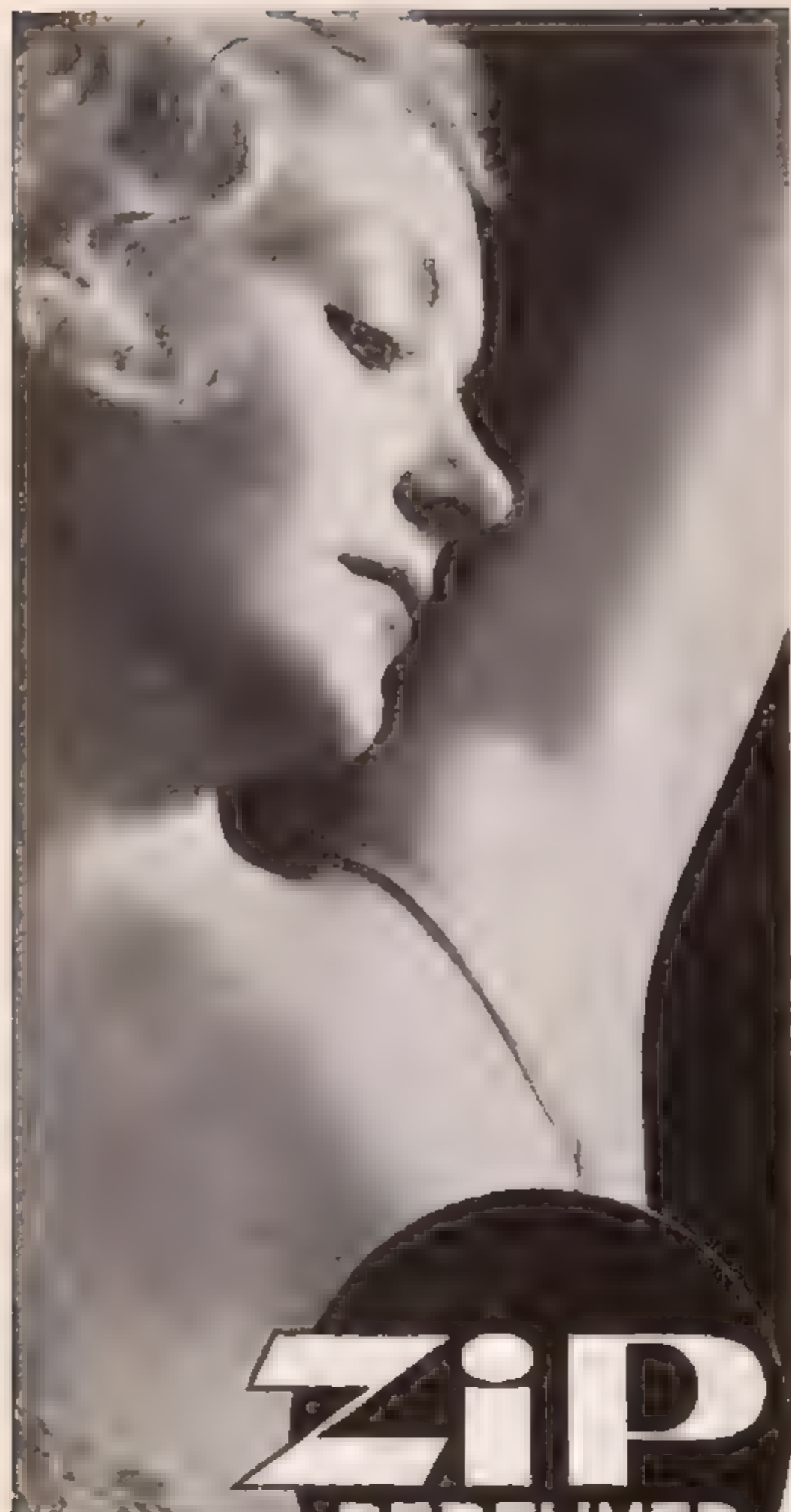
MARCHAND'S HAIR EXPERTS DEVELOP MARVELOUS NEW CASTILE SHAMPOO—FOR ALL SHADES OF HAIR

Now—a shampoo that brings out the hidden, *innate* beauty of the hair—natural, rich color—soft, silken texture—free of soap film because it rinses completely. Does not change color of hair. Ask your druggist for Marchand's Castile Shampoo or write us.

C. MARCHAND CO.		MM6-34
251 W. 19th St., N. Y. C.		
45c enclosed (send coins or stamps) Please send me a regular bottle of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash		
Name	:	
Address		
City	State	

Programs Day by Day

(Continued from page 66)



ZIP
PERFUMED
DEPILATORY
CREAM

Just spread on ZIP Depilatory Cream, and rinse off. It instantly removes every vestige of hair; eliminates all fear of stimulated growths. It is as delightful as your choicest cold cream, and by far the most popular depilatory cream today. Get your tube and you will marvel at this white, perfumed cream. Twice the size . . . half the price.

TO DESTROY HAIR PERMANENTLY

ZIP The only Epilator available for actually destroying hair growths. Pleasant to use. Simple. Quick. ZIP leaves no trace of hair above the skin . . . no prickly stubble later on . . . no dark shadow under the skin. Ideal for face, as well as arms, legs and body. Special ZIP Kit now \$1.00.

Treatment or FREE Demonstration at

Madame Berthe
SPECIALIST

562 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK (46th ST.)

ZIP Cream Deodorant



At last, a physician's prescription for eliminating odors. This delightful cream, applied with finger tips, acts immediately. Especially large container . . . 10c

KOIL, WTMJ, KSTP, WEBR, WKBF, KOA, KDYL, KGO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KIQ

5:30 EDT (1/2)—Chicago A Capella Choir; Edward Davies, baritone; Koestner's orchestra. (Hoover.)

WJAZ, WBL, WCAE, WOSH, WEEL, WJY, WJAR, WTAG, CFCF, CRCT, WFR, WRC, WTAM, WWJ, WMAQ, KPRC, KVOO, WBAF, WDAF, WLB, WJAZ, WKY, WOAL, WOW, WTMJ, KDYL, KOA, KFI, KGO, KGW, KIQ, KOMO, WLW, WSM, WSB, WMC, KFYR.

5:30 EDT (1/2)—Mr. and Mrs. Crumit and Sanderson. (General Baking.)

WABC, WOKO, WCAO, WCAU, WGR, WHK, CKLW, WDR, WCAU-WNAU, WEAN, WFL, WSPD, WJSV, WOC, WBS, WTAR, WHC, WVA, WORC, WNAS, WADC, WFBM, KMBC, WHAS, KMOX, KTUL, WDSU, KOMA, KFH

6:00 EDT (1/4)—"Roses and Drums," and War dramas. (Union Central Life Ins. Co.)

WABC, WADC, WCAO, WAAB, WKRW, WKIO, WHK, CKLW, WJAS, WJSV, WDEM, KMBC, WHAS, KMOX, WGST, WRC, KTRH, KLA, WREC, WCO, WDSU, KOMA, KTS, KEAB, KRLD, KLZ

6:30 EDT (1/4)—Smiling Ed McConnell. (Acme Paints.)

WABC, WDR, WBT, WKRW, WKRC, WCAO, CKLW, WCAU, WJAS, WEAN, WFL, WSPD, WJSV, WOC, WBBM, KMBC, WHAS, KMOX, WRIC, WCO, KLZ, KSL, KERN, KMJ, KHL, KOIN, KPRC, KGB, KERC, KDB, KOL, KFPY, KGW, KVI, WDSU, WTAR, KFH

6:45 EDT (1/4)—Ward's Family Theatre. Act I—Lean and Mayfield; James Mellon, tenor; Green Stripe Orch. (Ward Baking Co.)

WABC, WOKO, WCAO, WNAU, CKLW, WDR, WCAU, WDR, WHK, WFL, WLBZ, WIC, WEEA, WNAS, WVA, WORC, WBN, WBR, WBS, WBBM, WFA, WBR, WSEA

7:30 EDT (1/2)—Penner-trating humor; lovely Harriet Hilliard singing with handsome Ozzie Nelson's orchestra. (Fleischmann's.)

WJZ, WBL, WMA, WBZ, WZA, WHAM, KDKA, WGAR, WLW, WJR, WVA, WPTF, WNC, WJAX, WIOD, WFLA, WTMJ, WLS, KWCR, KSO, KWK, WREN, KOIL, WJAZ, KSTP, WEBC, WDAY, KFYR, WSM, WMC, WSB, WJDX, WSM, KVOO, WKY, WFAA, KPRC, WOAL, KOA, KDYL, KTAR, KGO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KVOO, WKY, WFAA, KPRC, WOAL, KTHS, WSY

7:30 EDT (1/4)—Ward's Family Theater. Act II.

WABC, WOKO, WNAU, CKLW, WDR, WJAS, WEAN, WFL, WLBZ, WCAU, WEEA, WNAS, WORC, WBN, WCAO, WBR, WBS, WVA, WIC, WBR, WBBM, KMOX, WSEA, WADC, WHK, WFA

7:45 EDT (1/4)—Wendell Hall, music-making for Fitch's

WEAF, WLIT, WTAG, WJAR, WOSH, WFR, WRC, WGY, WBN, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WSAI, CFCF, WHO, WMAQ, KSD, WOC, WOW, WDAF, WKBF

7:45 EDT (1/4)—Rin Tin Tin Thriller. (Ken-L Ration.)

WABC, WCAU, WGR, WJAS, WNAU, WFL, WHK, WJSV, WKRC, CKLW, WBBM, KMOX, WFBM, WHAS

8:00 EDT (1)—We want Cantor! You'll take Durante and probably like it. Also Wallington and Rubimoff. (Chase and Sanborn.)

WEAF, WTIC, WTAG, WIOD, WFLA, WBN, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WLW, CFCF, WNC, WIS, CRCT, WFR, WRC, WGY, WPTF, WJAR, WOSH, WVA, WJAX, WLIT, WMC, WJDX, KSD, WOC, WHO, WDAF, WSB, KFYR, KPRC, WKY, WTMJ, KSTP, WEBC, WDAY, KVOO, WFAA, WOAL, WSM, WOW, WMAQ, KTHS, WSM, WAVE, KTAR, KDYL, KOA, KGO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ

8:00 EDT (1/2)—Evening in Paris. Musical impressions of gay, continental parties. (Bourjois.)

WABC, WADC, WCAO, WCAU, WEAN, WFL, WHK, WJAS, WJSV, WGR, WKRC, WNAU, WOKO, WSPD, CKLW, KMBC, KMOX, KOMA, WBBM, WCO, WDSU, WDEM, WGST, WHAS, WOW, KLZ, KSL, KHL, KOIN, KGB, KERC, KOL, KFPY, KVI, KERN, KMJ, KFBK, KGW, KDB, WISN

9:00 EDT (1/2)—Angelo Patri, child psychologist wise and tolerant. (Cream of Wheat.)

WABC, KERN, WAAB, WCAU, WDR, WGR, WJAS, WOKO, WCAO, WFL, WHK, WJSV, WKRC, CKLW, WBBM, KMBC, KMOX, WCO, WHAS, KSL, KLZ, KFPY, KERC, KGB, KHJ, KOIN, KOL, KVI, KMJ, KFBK, KDB, KGW

9:00 EDT (1/2)—Climb on the Manhattan Merry-Go-Round. Tamara, blues singer; David Percy, orch.; Men About Town.

WEAF, WTIC, WJAR, WFR, WRC, WGY, WWJ, WSAI, WMAQ, KSD, WOC, WHO, WOW, WDAF, KHQ, KOA, KDYL

KGO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, WFL, WTAM, WTMJ, KSTP, WEBR, CFCF

9:00 EDT (1/2)—Irving Berlin fresh from Tin Pan Alley; Revelers' quartet; Al Goodman's orchestra. (Gulf Gasoline.)

WJZ, WBL, WBZ, WJZA, WHAM, WJAX, WNC, WFLA, WIOD, WGAR, WJR, WLW, WSYR, WMA, WVA, KDKA, WIS, WJDX, WSMR, WFAA, KTHS, KPRC, WOAL, WSM, WMC, WSB, WAVE

9:30 EDT (1/2)—Ford presents Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians with Babs and her brothers, Priscilla, Tom, Rosemary, Foley and Johnny.

WABC, WGL, WNAU, WJIS, WADC, WGR, WBT, WNS, WCAO, WCAU, WDAF, WDBL, WDR, WRC, WEAN, WFL, WMBR, WHEC, WHK, WFL, WIC, WJAS, WJSV, WBN, WBR, KLA, WLC, WSEA, KSO, WNA, WKRC, WLW, WJDX, WNAS, WCO, WORC, WQAN, WSPD, WTAR, WTO, CFCF, CKLW, KLA, KMBC, KMOX, KOMA, KTRH, KTS, WAO, WBBM, WBR, WCO, WIOD, WDSU, WFBM, WGST, WHAS, WJRW, WISN, WLAS, WMT, WOWO, CKAC, KTUL, WNA, KLZ, KSL, KVO, KOH, KERN, KMJ, KHJ, KOIN, KFBK, KGB, KERC, KDB, KOL, KFPY, KGW, KVI, KFOR

9:30 EDT (1/4)—Bernie's palsy-walsy, Walter Winchell scooping out news for Jergen's.

WJZ, WBL, WMA, WBZ, WZA, WSYR, WHAM, KDKA, WGAR, WJR, WLW, KOIL, WENR, KWCR, KSO, KWK, WREN

9:30 EDT (1/2)—American Album of Familiar Music. Frank Munn, tenor; Virginia Rea, soprano; Ohman and Arden, piano team; Bertrand Hirsch, violinist; Haenschen Concert Orchestra. Sweet old melodies. (Bayer.)

WEAF, WTAG, WEEL, WCKY, WJAR, WOSH, WFI, WFR, WRC, WGY, WBN, WCAE, WCAU, WTAM, WWJ, WSAI, WIOD, WFLA, WVA, WJAX, WPTF, CFCF, CRCT, KSD, WENR, WOC, WHO, WOW, WMC, WSB, WOAL, WJDX, WFAA, WSM, WKY, KPRC, WDAF, KVOO, WTMJ, KSTP, WSM, KDYL, KOA, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KGO

10:00 EDT (1/2)—Wayne (Waltz) King's orchestra. (Lady Esther.)

WABC, WNE, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WAAB, WKRW, WBBM, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WOWO, WDR, KMBC, WHAS, WCAU, WJAX, WJAS, WEAN, KMOX, WFL, WSPD, WJSV, KLZ, WCO, KSL

10:30 EDT (1/2)—Hall of Fame. Guest artist and Nat Shilkret's orch. (Lehn & Fink Products Co.)

WEAF, WTIC, WTAM, WTAG, WEEL, WWJ, WJAR, WOSH, WLW, WFI, WFR, WRC, WGY, WBN, WCAE, CFCF, WMAQ, KTHS, WOW, WBAF, WDAF, KTHS, WSM, KPRC, WOC, WOAL, WAPI, KSTP, WJDX, WSB, WKY, WSM, WKBF, WOC, WHO, KOA, KDYL, KGO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ

11:15 EDT (1/4)—What? Winchell again? (Jergen.)

WSM, WMC, WSB, WAPI, WJDX, WKY, WSM, KTHS, WBAF, KTHS, KPRC, KOA, WOAL, KDYL, KGR, KGH, KGO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KFS, KTAR

MONDAYS

(May 7th, 14th, 21st and 28th.)

6:45-7:20-7:45-8:00 A.M. EDT—Yes, Arthur Bagley does these early morning exercises too. (Metropolitan Life.)

WEAF, WEEL, WFI, WGY, WBN, WCAE, CRCT (WRC on 7:30 EST)

8:30 EDT (1/2)—Cheerio. For people who like optimism with breakfast.

WEAF, WRC, WGY, WBN, WTAG, WEEL, WVA, WPTF, WIS, WIOD, CRCT, WJAR, WOSH, WFR, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WLW, CFCF, WNC, WJAX, WFLA, WCV, KSD, WDAF, WSB, WMC, WJDX, WSM, WKY, KPRC, KFYR, WSM, WOAL, KTHS, WAPI

10:15 EDT (1/4)—Clara, Lu 'n' Em. They out-gossip the best of us. (Super-Suds.)

WEAF and a red NBC network.

10:30 EDT (1/4)—Today's Children. Dramas of American Life. (Pillsbury.)

WJZ, WBL, WMA, KDKA, WVA, WJAX, WBZ, WJZA, WSYR, WGAR, WCKY, WPTF, WFLA, WJR, KWCR, KSO, KWK, WREN, KOIL, WKY, WBAF, WTMJ, KSTP, WEBC, KPRC

11:00 EDT (1/4)—Kitchen Closeups. Mary Ellis Ames, Home Economist. (Pillsbury.)

WABC, WADC, WOKO, WDR, WEAN, WJSV, WCAO, WNAU, WKRW, WCAU, WJAX, WSPD, WBBM, WFBM, KMOX, WGST, WRC, WCO

11:15 EDT (1/4)—Will Osborne's Orchestra. Pedro de Cordoba chants homespun philosophy. (Corn Products.)

WABC, WCAU, WDR, WEAN, WGR, WJAS, WNAU, WOKO, WBBM

12:00 EDT (1/4)—Voice of Experience. Radio's Beatrice Bare-facts.

WABC, WCAO, WNAU, CKLW, WCAU

(Continued on page 70)

No More Love

(Continued from page 35)

radio artist, some are certain to accuse her of wanting to trade on his name. Gertrude Niesen was escorted by Mario Braggiotti of the famous piano team, to a recent party given by RADIO STARS. It was not the first time they'd appeared in public together, and already the gossipers had busied themselves with conjecture.

"But that's ridiculous," Gertrude said to me when I told her about it. "Mario's a grand person. He's so impulsive and amusing and very much the gallant Italian gentleman. I like him very much, but he's really just a friend."

It wasn't so long ago that Gertrude was going about a bit with Freddie Rich, the orchestra leader. "You'd think," some said, "that Fred would have had enough of women after all his marriage and divorce troubles." At that time Gertrude was worried by such criticism. Now she takes it more gracefully.

AS a matter of fact, she used to hate Freddie thoroughly. He was the orchestra leader with whom she worked when she first appeared on the air over a year ago. They fought all the time they were together in the studios. Suddenly they realized their folly, forgot their futile battles and became very good friends. But Gertrude will assure you that there was no thought of marriage between them at any time.

There was one time during which she and a certain man waltzed madly up and down the scale of love for many days. It happened in the earlier part of her radio career. Perhaps it was before she had learned the danger of association with men of her own world. He was a New York newspaper columnist, young and serious, already making a name for himself with his unique style. Night after night they would be seen together. Then would come a period of separation. "They've had another fight. Not so good for her publicity," was the unkind gossip that would course through the studios. A few nights later they'd be seen together again. Back and forth the romance bent, until one night, it snapped off altogether.

Some of the studio people maintain that the little paragraphs appearing in a newspaperman's column concerning the nameless writer who was eating his heart out for the nameless star, meant these two. Perhaps. But what had been a real flash of romance passed.

THE last time I saw Gertrude was in her dressing room in Radio City Music Hall where she was appearing at the time. A stringent rule which bars all but the actors and those directly concerned with the stage production is in force there. In her considerate manner, Gertrude dashed about to ask several executives for an exception in my case. They shook their heads.

"Miss Niesen," said one severely, "what you do outside this theatre, how you conduct your private life, is no concern of ours. But a man in your dressing room? No."

(Continued on page 71)

AM I HAPPY!

My washes look like a million dollars now!

WHE-E-E! That sun dazzles you—
shining on my washline!

See? Those clothes aren't yellow. They aren't gray. They're *white*!

How did I get them that way? Well, I've learned the secret. I've found that "*trick*" soaps just can't do a job in the tub.

What clothes need is *real* soap—soap that knows how to go deep into the tiniest little threads and get out ground-in dirt. And that soap is Fels-Naptha—the golden bar with lots of dirt-loosening naptha in it!

Make a test with Fels Naptha next washday, just to see what I mean. The dirtiest part of your wash, I imagine, is the neckbands on shirts. Well, try Fels-Naptha Soap on those neckbands! See how quickly that stub-

born dirt is loosened! (Naptha and soap are working for you—helping you do the rubbing!) See how easily Fels-Naptha suds—rich and lively—wash all that dirt away!

Yet—here's an important point—that wash of yours will be whitened—safely!

Fels-Naptha doesn't hurry clothes to the mending-basket. It's the best thing ever for dainty lingerie, silk stockings and woollens. It's nice to hands, too.

Get some Fels-Naptha Soap today and try it. Soak your clothes or boil them—use hot, lukewarm or cool water—machine or tub.

No matter how you wash your clothes, Fels-Naptha will turn them out *snappy-white*—in record time! . . . Fels & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.



"More good news! . . .

Fels-Naptha Soap now sells at the
lowest price in almost twenty years!"

READ FREE OFFER BELOW



Glorify Your EYES

How to give them life, mystery, charm in 40 seconds!

"WHY didn't I try it before?" You'll say to your mirror, after beautifying your lashes with a magic touch of Winx, the super-mascara. Remember, lovely eyes are woman's greatest charm.

You'll never realize the power of beautiful eyes until you try Winx—the perfected formula of mascara in either cake or liquid form. Your eyes—framed with Winx lashes—will have new mystery, new charm.

So safe—smudge-proof, non-smarting, tear-proof—Winx is refined to the last degree. Yet so quick to apply—a morning application lasts until bed-time.

Millions of women prefer Winx to ordinary mascara. New friends are adopting Winx every day. Without delay, you, too, should learn the easy art of having lustrous Winx lashes. Just go to any toilet counter and buy Winx in either cake or liquid. Full directions in each package.

To introduce Winx to new friends, note our trial offer below. Note, too, our Free Booklet offer, "Lovely Eyes—How to Have Them". It not only tells of the care of lashes, but also what to do for eyebrows, how to use the proper eye-shadow, how to treat "crow's feet" and wrinkles, etc., etc.



FREE

Merely send

Coupon for "Lovely Eyes—How to Have Them".

Mail to ROSS Co., 243 W. 17th St., N. Y. City

M-6

Name

Street

City

State

If you also want a month's trial package of Winx Mascara, enclose 10c, checking whether you wish

☐ Cake or ☐ Liquid ☐ Black or ☐ Brown.

Programs Day by Day

(Continued from page 68)

WJAX, WGR, WKRC, WHK, WDR, WJAS, WJAN, WJSV, WFBL, WHE, WWSA, WBBM, KMBC, WHAS, KMOX, WWO, KRLL, KFAB, WCCO, KLZ, KSL, KOL, KFPY, KGB, KRB, KVI, KERN, KMI, KFBK, KGB, KRB, KDB, KWG.

12:15 P.M. EDT (1/4)—Osborne orch.; Pedro de Cordoba. (Corn Products.)
WCAO, WHK, CKLW, KMBC, WHAS, KMOX, WCCO, WHEC.

12:30 EDT (1)—National Farm and Home Hour. Guest speakers; Walter Blaufuss Orchestra.
WJZ and an NBC blue network Station 1st unavailable.

2:00 EDT (1/4)—Just Plain Bill. Bill's a small town barber. Nancy and David are in love and usually in trouble. (Kolyos.)
KMBC, KMOX, WCCO, WBBM, KLZ, KSL, KFPY, KGB, KRB, KVI, KERN, KMI, KFBK, KGB, KRB, KDB, KWG. (See also 7:15 P.M. EDT.)

2:15 EDT (1/4)—Romance of Helen Trent, dramatic sketch. Players—Virginia Clark, Karl Huebel, Lester Tremaine and Gene McGilgen. (Edna Wallace Hopper, Inc.)
WABC, WKBW, WKRC, WCAO, WBBM, KMOX, KRLL, KSL, KLZ, KERN, KMI, KHL, KOIN, KFBK, KGB, KRB, KDB, KOL, KFPY, KWG, KVI.

2:30 EDT (1/4)—Judy and Jane. Dramatic sketch. (J. A. Folger & Co.)
WOC, WJO, WOV, WDAF, KSTP, WERC, KVOO, WKY, WBAF, WOAI.

3:00 EDT (1)—Radio Guild. One of air's few vehicles of the better drama.
WJZ and a blue network Station 1st unavailable.

4:00 EDT (1/4)—Betty and Bob. Sorry, they're not really sweethearts. (General Mills.)
WJZ, WBZ, WBZA, WHAM, KDKA, WBAL, WJAR, WJR, WLW, KWK, KOIL, WLS.

5:00 EDT (1/4)—Skippy. Comic strip lad in childhood radio sketches. (Sterling Products.)
WABC, WJAX, WGR, WDR, WCAU, WJAX, WEAN. (See also 6:30 P.M. EDT.)

5:30 EDT (1/4)—The Singing Lady. Enchantment for the younger ones in story and song. (Kellogg's.)
WJZ, WHAM, WJR, WJAR, WLW, WBAL, WBZ, WBZA. (Also on WENR at 7:10 EDT.)

5:30 EDT (1/4)—Frank Merriwell's Adventures.
WEAF and network.

5:30 EDT (1/4)—Jack Armstrong. All American schoolboy adventures. (Wheaties.)
WABC, WOKO, WNAC, WGR, WDR, WCAU, WJAX, WJAS, WEAN. (See also 6:30 P.M. EDT.)

5:45 EDT (1/4)—Little Orphan Annie. Comic strip heroine's adventures. (Wander Co.)
WJZ, WBAL, WBZ, WBZA, CRCT, KDKA, CRCT, WLW, WHAM, WJAR, WJR, WRVA, WJNC, WIS, WJAX. (See also 6:45 P.M. EDT.)

6:00 EDT (1/2)—Peter Van Steeden's dinner music from Hotel Gotham in N. Y. C.
WEAF and an NBC red network Station 1st unavailable.

6:00 EDT (1/4)—Buck Rogers. Sketches of imaginary adventures in the 25th Century. (Cocomalt.)
WABC, WJAX, WCAU, WFBL, WEAN, WJAS, WKBW, WOKO, WADC, WBT, WCAO, WHK, WJSV, CKLW. (See also 7:30 P.M. EDT.)

6:00 EDT (1/4)—Skippy. Comic strip character in childhood sketches. (Sterling Products.)
WBBM, WCAO, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WJSV. (See also 5:00 P.M. EDT.)

6:15 EDT (1/4)—Bobby Benson and Sunny Jim. Clean Western drama for youngsters. (Hecker H-O.)
WABC, WOKO, WJAX, WGR, WHK, WDR, WCAU, WJAX, WEAN, WFBL, WLBZ, WHEC, WORC, WJAS. (See also 8:15 P.M. EDT.)

6:30 EDT (1/4)—Jack Armstrong. All American Schoolboy adventures. (Wheaties.)
WBBM, WCAO, WHK, WJSV, CKLW, WWO. (See also 5:30 EDT.)

6:45 EDT (1/4)—Lowell Thomas. News by the adventurer-journalist. (Sun Oil.)
WJZ, WJAR, WLW, CRCT, WBAL, WBZ, KDKA, WHAM, WJR, WSYR, WBZA, WJAX, WIOD, WFLA.

6:45 EDT (1/4)—Little Orphan Annie. Comic strip heroine's adventures. (Wander Co.)
WREN, KOIL, KWCR, KPRC, WOAI, WFAA, KTBS, WKY, KSTP, WERC, WDAY, KFYR. (See also 5:45 P.M. EDT.)

7:00 EDT (1/4)—Amos 'n' Andy. (Pepsodent.)
WJZ, WHAM, WJR, WKY, WBAL, WBZ, WBZA, KDKA, WLW, WRVA, WPTF, WMAL, WJAR, WIOD, WFLA, CRCT. (See also 11:00 P.M. EDT.)

7:00 EDT (1/4)—Myrt and Marge. Sweetness and sorrows backstage. (Wrigley's.)
WABC, WADC, WOKO, WJAX, WCAO, WNAC, WGR, WBT, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WDR, WIOC, WCAU, WJAX, WJAS, WEAN, WFBL, WSPD, WJSV, WQAM, WDBO, WWSA, KRLL, WSEA. (See also 10:45 P.M. EDT.)

7:15 EDT (1/4)—Just Plain Bill. Bill's a small town barber. Nancy and David are in love and usually in trouble. (Kolyos.)
WABC, WCAO, WNAC, WGR, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WCAU, WJAX, WJSV, CRCT, WJAS.

7:30 EDT (1/4)—The Mollie Show with Shirley Howard; the Jesters; Red, Guy and Wamp; Mill Rettenberg, piano.
WEAF, WTAG, WJAR, WSH, WRC, WBBM, WGY, WJAN, WCAE, WTAM, WMAQ, KSD, WOC, WJO, WOV, WDAF.

7:30 EDT (1/4)—Music On the Air, with guest star. (Tidewater Oil.)
WABC, WOKO, WCAO, WNAC, WGR, WDR, WCAU, WJAX, WJAS, WEAN, WFBL, WJSV, WLBZ, WIOC, WHK, WFLA, WHEC, WORC, WGLC.

7:30 EDT (1/4)—Buck Rogers in the 25th Century. (Cocomalt.)
WKRC, 6:30 CST—WBBM, KMOX, WCCO, WBBM, WHAS.

7:30 EDT (1/4)—Music by George Gershwin and orch. (Health Products Co.)
WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WBZ, WBZA, WSYR, WHAM, WJR, KDKA, KSO, WENR, KWK, KWCR, KOIL, WREN.

7:45 EDT (1/4)—Bonke Carter. (Phileo.)
WABC, WCAO, WNAC, WJSV, WHK, CKLW, WCAU, WJAX, WJAS, WBL, WBBM.

7:45 EDT (1/4)—The Goldbergs. Laughter and tears in sketches of Jewish life played by Jewish actors. (Pepsodent.)
WEAF, WHEEL, WSAI, WTAG, WRC, WJAN, WTAM, WJAR, WSH, WLIT, WERC, WGY, WCAE, WWJ, WENR, WOV, WDAF.

8:00 EDT (1/2)—Soconyland Sketches starring Arthur Allen and Parker Fennelly. The real thing in Down East radio drama—touching and amusing.
WEAF, WTIC, WTAG, WHEEL, WJAR, WSH, WGY, WREN.

8:00 EDT (1/4)—Happy Bakers.
WABC, WADC, WNAC, WGR, WHK, CKLW, WDR, WSPD, WJSV, WJAS, WOC, WCAU, WJAX, WJAS, WJAX, WBBM, WBBM, KMBC, KMOX, KTAT, WOC, WISN, KOMA, KLRA, KFH, WMT, WRR.

8:15 EDT (1/4)—Edwin C. Hill. "The Human Side of the News." (Barbasol.)
WABC, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WNAC, WGR, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WDR, WCAU, WJAX, WJAS, WEAN, WFBL, WSPD, WJSV, WBBM, WBBM, KMBC, KMOX, WCCO, WWO.

8:30 EDT (1/2)—Voice of Firestone. Lawrence Tibbett, baritone, and guest artist; William Daly's orch. (Firestone Tire & Rubber Co.)
WEAF, WTIC, WTAG, WHEEL, WJAR, WSH, WLIT, WERC, WRC, WGY, WJAN, WTAM, WJAX, WLW, CRCT, CRCT, WRVA, WJNC, WIS, WJAX, WIOD, WFLA, WCAE, WMAQ, KSD, KTBS, WOC, WJO, WOV, WDAF, KPRC, WTMJ, WOAI, WERC, WDAY, WJAX, KFYR, KTHS, WSM, WMC, WSB, WJDX, WSMR, KVOO, WKY, WFAA.

9:00 EDT (1/2)—Sinclair Greater Minstrels. Gene Arnold, interlocutor; Joe Parsons, basso; male quartet; Bill Childs, Mac McCloud and Cliff Soubier, end men; band direction Harry Kogen.
WJZ, WJAR, WRVA, WJNC, WLW, WIS, WJAX, WIOD, WFLA, WBAL, WBZ, WBZA, WHAM, KDKA, WSB, WLS, KWK, WREN, KSO, KWCR, KSTP, WERC, WDAY, KFYR, WTMJ, WFAA, WNC, WSM, WSMR, WJDX, WJAX, KPRC, WOAI, KTBS, WKY, KOIL, KOA.

9:00 EDT (1/2)—A & P Gypsies Orchestra direction Harry Horlick. Frank Parker, tenor.
WEAF, WTIC, WTAG, WHEEL, WJAR, WSH, WLIT, WERC, WRC, WGY, WJAN, WTAM, WSAI, WOV, WDAF, WJO, WMAQ, WOC.

9:00 EDT (1/2)—Rosa Ponselle; Andre Kostelanetz Orchestra; 16 voice mixed chorus. (Light a Chesterfield.)
WABC, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WNAC, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WDR, WCAU, WJAS, WFBL, WSPD, WJSV, WQAM, WDR, WDAE, WPG, WLBZ, WIOC, WBT, WTAR, WMBG, WDBJ, WHEC, WIOC, WORC, WEAN, WBSN, WBBM, WKBW, WWO, KTAT, WBBM, KLRA, KMBC, WREC, WHAS, WISN, KMOX, WCCO, WGST, WJAX, WERC, WDSU, KOMA, WRR, KTSB, WMT, KFH, KLZ, KSL, KERN, KMI, KHJ, KOIN, KFBK, KGB, KPRC, KDB, KOL, KFPY, KWG, KVI, KOH.

9:30 EDT (1/2)—Jack Frost's Melody Moments. Guest artists. Joseph Paeternack's orchestra. Delightful light opera.
WJZ, WBAL, KDKA, WHAM, WJAR, WLW, WJR, WENR.

9:30 EDT (1/2)—Del Monte Ship of Joy with Hugh Dobbs; guest artists; Doric and Knickerbocker quartets; Meredith Willson orchestra.
WEAF, WTAG, WHEEL, WJAR, WSH, WLIT, WRVA, WJAX, WIOD, WERC, WRC, WGY, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WSAI, WJNC, WIS, WFLA, WMAQ.

(Continued on page 72)

No More Love

(Continued from page 66)

Fortunately Gertrude has an excellent sense of humor. After long explanations we finally gained entrance for me. But you can readily see from this experience the attitude with which she has to contend.

It was at that time I asked her if she ever intended to marry. She lay back a little wearily on the pillows on which she had been resting. She was tired. That was quite apparent. She'd been working hard.

I wondered for a moment if she'd become sick of it all and finally succumb to marriage, risking the sacrifice of her career. You see, her career means a lot to her. That, then, was her answer to my question about her marriage? She half closed those oriental eyes, smiled a little, then shrugged her shoulders. "I don't know. But if they say the things about me you say they do, I don't mind. It used to hurt me terribly, but I don't worry any more. It's bad for me and my work. I just take things as they come now."

Yes, there's a distinct touch of fatalism in her attitude toward life. Yet she's level-headed, despite her impulsiveness and breezy manner.

Don't think for a minute, however, that she's either cold or calculating about love and marriage. She just knows that if she wants a career, marriage is a pretty dangerous thing to contemplate just now.

Music by Gershwin

(Continued from page 23)

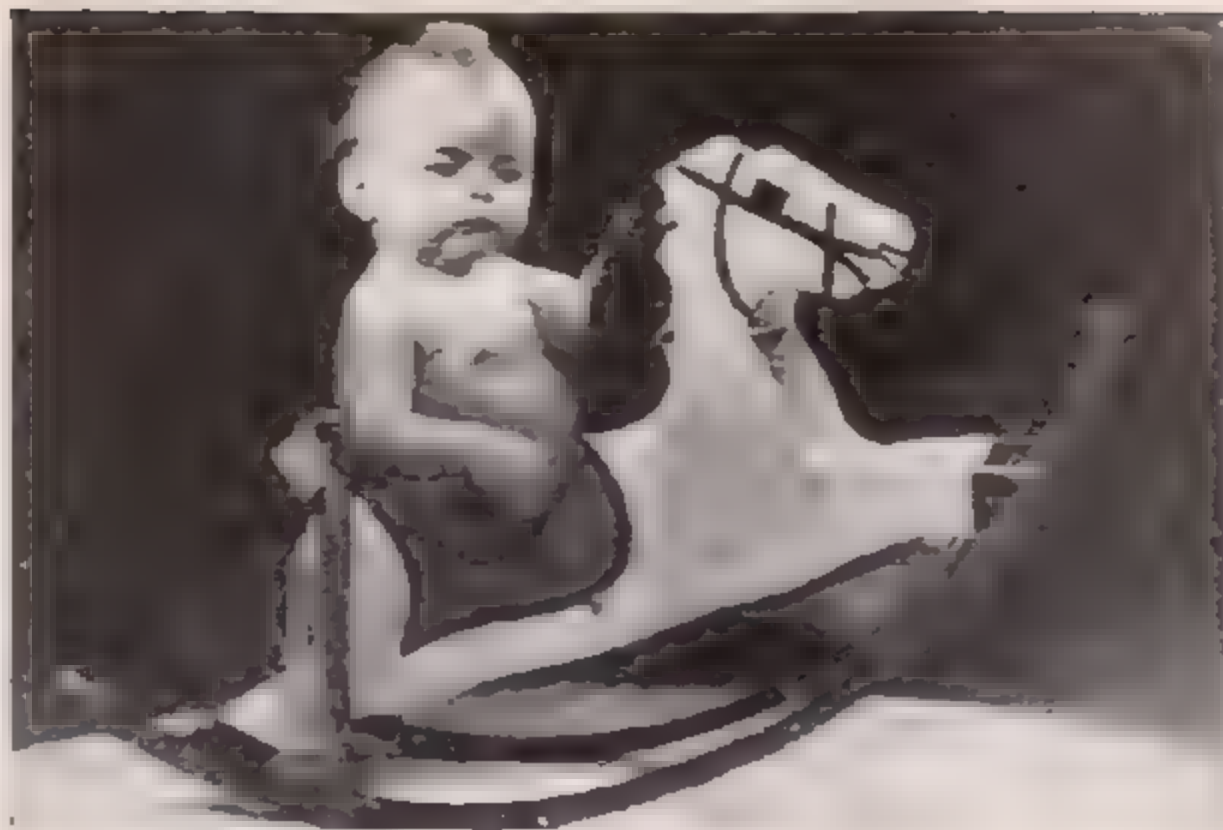
through the window. The minute the band was in the 2nd band, and instant plan—George, the tough guy, started fooling with it, picking out tunes with his finger.

"Georgie, you let that thing alone," his mother said. "That's for your brother Isidore to take lessons on."

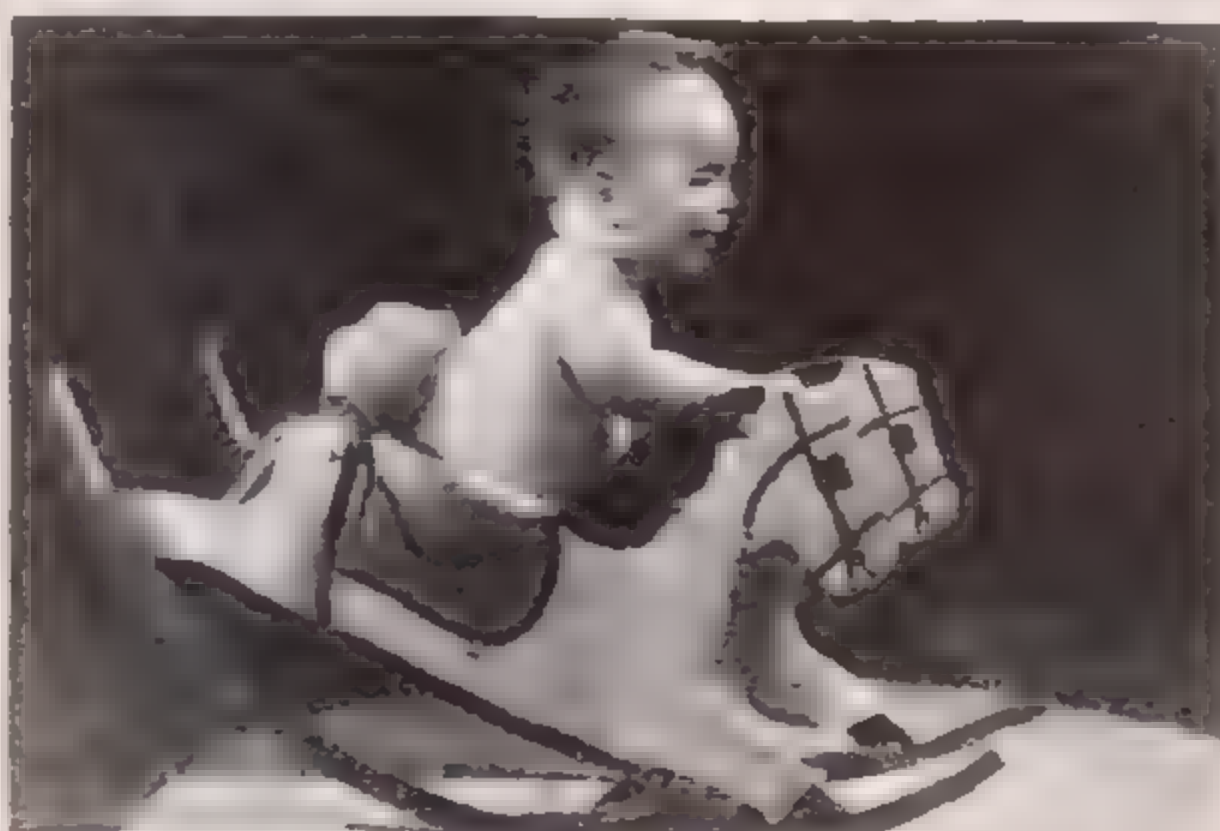
Isidore—Ira, today, and the man who writes the words for George's music—took lessons, thumping do-re-mi's by the hour, or he might as well have been pounding horseshoes on an anvil. He couldn't learn to play. George, just fooling around with the keys, learned right from the start. He kept it secret from the guys in his gang.

One day he was sitting with his gang in a school yard at noon. Maxie Rosen was playing the violin in the auditorium for the teachers and any of the kids who wanted to listen. Maxie was a child prodigy and a sissie—one of the Maggies. George and his pals did not want to listen. But through the windows came the strains of "Hurricane." George didn't let on to the gang, but the music was doing something to his insides. "Can ya imagine listenin' to that stuff?" he sneered. But that

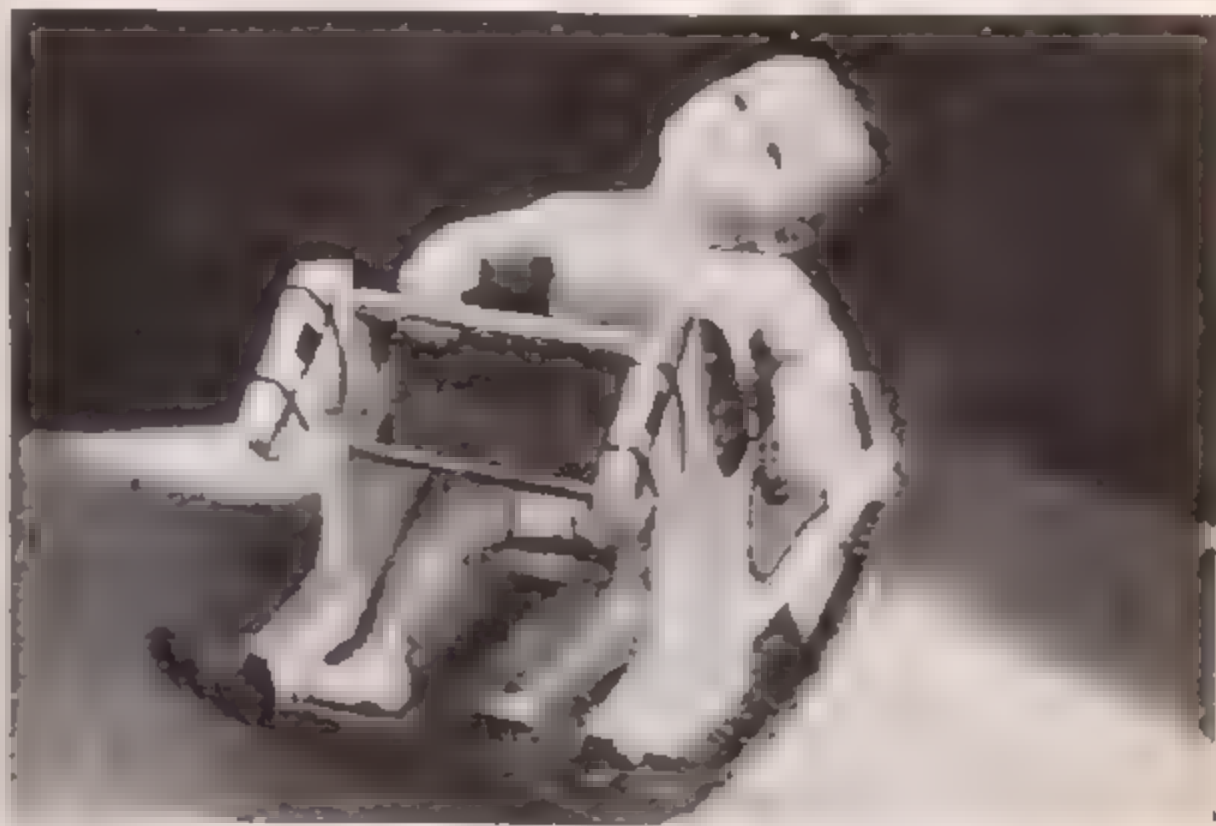
(Continued on page 73)



● "Ooops. Dobbin! Steady, boy!—Never felt more like a nice snappy canter. Those Johnson's Baby Powder rub-downs my Mother's been giving me certainly keep me rarin' to go!—Bet I could handle Man-o'-War! Giddap!"



● "We're off in a cloud of dust—He's got the bit in his teeth, and does he pull!—Run, Dobbin, old boy!—I can handle you! What grand exercise this is!—I'm tingling hot and glowing already!"



● "Whoa, Dobbin—good boy! Enough's enough—and it certainly takes an athlete to manage that nag!—Hoo-hoo, Mother! Your gentleman jockey's dying for his tub and Johnson's Baby Powder rub!—But first, listen—all you baby athletes—"



● "Ask your Mother 'pretty please' to test different baby powders between her finger-tips. She'll find some are gritty—but not Johnson's! It's soft and fine clear through! Hasn't any orris-root or zinc stearate in it either!"

Send 10c (in coin) for samples of Johnson's Baby Powder, Soap, and Cream. Dept. 133, Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, New Jersey.

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY

JOHNSON'S Baby POWDER

Programs Day by Day

(Continued from page 70)

NOW
COLOR
YOUR
LINGERIE

THIS NEW WAY
that LASTS
and LASTS
and LASTS!
as ordinary
"surface colors"
never can!

IT'S simply marvelous the way color STAYS IN when you use Rit—so clear, so sparkling, so professional—it never looks "dyed," never stiffens the material.

And the new Rit is easier to use than ever before—very different from the Rit of a few years ago—different from any other product you have ever used. Just break off part of the tablet—watch it dissolve like lump sugar—notice that Rit doesn't dust out of the package like powder dyes—doesn't leave specks of undissolved dye around the bowl. That's why you never have streaks and spots. And notice how the fabric itself soaks in the color—because of one patented element in Rit that no other tint or dye possesses. Be sure you get Rit.



33 Rit Colors—a complete color range to meet every need. Easy to use—lovely in every shade—and so LASTING—Rit will help you to dress attractively, brighten your home and economize sensibly!

✓ CHECK THIS LIST OF RIT USES:

Draperies Hooked Rugs Slip Covers Bed Spreads
Lingerie Bridge Sets Table Cloths Children's
Sweaters Men's Shirts Stockings Clothes

YOU'LL HAVE "BETTER LUCK"

WITH

RIT



NEW!

No longer a soap!
Dissolves instantly.

KSD, WOC, WHO, WOV, KVOO, WKY, KTBS, WFAA, KPRC, WOAI, KOA, KDYL.

9:30 EDT (1/4)—Purty Gertie Niesen, torch singer; Erno Rappee orchestra; guest stars.

WAAC, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WNAC, WJAS, WSPD, WJSV, WCAH, WKRW, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WDRG, WCAU, WNAU, WEAN, WFBL, WICC, WBT, WTAR, WBBM, WOWO, WFBM, KMBC, WHAS, KMOX, KRLD, WREB, WCOO, WLAC, WDSU, KLZ, KSL, KERN, KMI, KOIN, KFBK, KGB, KERC, KDB, KOL, KPPY, KRG, KVI, KHH.

10:00 EDT (1/2)—Wayne (Waltz) King's orchestra. (Lady Esther.)

WAAC, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WAAB, WKRW, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WDRG, WCAU, WNAU, WHAS, WFAA, WFBM, WSPD, WJSV, WBBM, WOWO, KMBC, WHAS, KMOX, WCOO, KLZ, KSL, KERN, KMI, KHH, KOIN, KERC, KGB, KDB, KOL, KPPY, KRG, KVI, WBBM, WDSU, KRLD.

10:00 EDT (1/2)—Contented Program, Soothing words and music. Gene Arnold, narrator; the Lullaby Lady; male quartet; Morgan L. Eastman orchestra, Jean Paul King, announcer.

WEAF, WTAR, WEEL, WJAR, WOSH, WLIT, WFRB, WRX, CFE, CRT, WEBC, KSTP, KFYR, WSM, WMC, WSB, KPRC, WOAI, WMAQ, KOA, KDYL, KOL, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ.

10:15 EDT (1/4)—Myrt and Marge. (Wrigleys.) WBBM, WFBM, KMBC, WHAS, KMOX, WJAS, WDRG, KLRA, WREB, WCOO, WLAC, WDSU, KOMA, WODX, KTRH, KLZ, KSL, KERN, KMI, KHH, KOIN, KFBK, KGB, KERC, KDB, KOL, KPPY, KRG, KVI. (See also 7:00 P. M. EDT.)

11:00 EDT (1/4)—Amos 'n' Andy. (Pepsodent.) WMAQ, WENR, KWK, WREN, WSM, WKY, KOIL, WTML, WSM, KDYL, KTHS, WDAF, KSTP, WMC, WSB, KPRC, WFAA, WOAI, KOA, KHQ, KGO, KFI, KGW, KOMO. (See also 7:00 P. M. EDT.)

11:30 EDT (1/2)—Voice of Firestone. KOA, KDYL, KGO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KPSD, Honolulu Time KGU. (See also 8:00 P. M. EDT.)

TUESDAYS

(May 1st, 8th, 15th, 22nd and 29th.)

6:45-7:00-7:20-7:45-8:00 A. M. EDT—Tower Health Exercises.

(For stations see Monday.)

8:30 EDT (1/2)—Cherio.

(For stations see Monday.)

9:15 EDT (1/4)—The Mystery Chef. (R. B. Davis Co.)

WAAC, WCAU, WEAN, WJAS, WADC, WCAO, WFBL, WSPD, WAAB, WGR.

10:15 EDT (1/4)—Clara, Lu 'n' Em.

(For stations see Monday.)

10:30 EDT (1/4)—Today's Children.

(For stations see Monday.)

11:00 EDT (1/4)—Home economics. (Pet milk.)

WRE, WCAH, WCAO, WDAF, WDRG, WHK, WJSV, WKRW, WLBW, WQAM, WSPD, WTAR, WTCC, CKLW, KFH, KLRA, KMBC, KMOX, KOMA, WRR, KTRH, KTSB, WBBM, WBRG, WOD, WINS, WOST, WHAS, WLAC, WMBD, WODX, WOWO, WREC, WSEA, KLZ.

11:15 EDT (1/4)—Child Welfare Program. (General Foods.)

WEAF, WTIC, WTAR, WEEL, WJAR, WOSH, WFRB, WLIT, WRC, WGY, WBBM, WTAM, WJL, WCAE, WLW, WLAP, KSD, WOC, WHO, WDAF, WTML, KSTP, WEBC, KPRC, WKY, WMAQ, WSM, WMC, WSB, WAPI, WSM, KTHS, KVOO, WOAI, KTBS, WOV.

11:30 EDT (1/4)—Tony Wons homespins yarns and philosophy. Peggy Keenan and Sandra Phillips, piano team. (Johnson Floor Wax.)

WAAC, WOKO, WCAO, WNAC, WGR, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WDRG, WCAU, WJAS, WEAN, WFBL, WJSV, WBT, WCAH, WHP, WMB, WDRJ, WBBM, WOWO, KMBC, WHAS, KMOX, WGST, WBRG, KRLD, KTRH, KFRB, WREC, WCOO, WLAC, WDSU, KOMA, WLBW, WMT, KLZ, KSL, KOIN, KGB, KERC, KOL, KPPY, KVI, KERN, KRG, KMI, KDB, KFBK.

12:00 Noon EDT (1/4)—The Voice of Experience.

(For stations see Monday.)

12:30 EDT (1)—National Farm and Home Hour.

(For stations see Monday.)

1:00 EDT (1/4)—Marie, the Little French Princess. Dramatic sketch. (Affiliated Products.)

WAAC, WNAC, CKLW, WKRC, WHK, WCAU, WNAU, WBBM, KMBC, KMOX, WGST, WDSU, KLZ, KSL, KERN, KMI, KHH, KFBK, KERC, KDB, KRG, KVI.

1:15 EDT (1/4)—John Marrow Music. (Marrow Co.)

WAAC, WNAC, WGR, CKLW, WJAS, WFBL, WJAS, WBBM, KMOX.

1:30 EDT (1/4)—Easy Aces. Easy to take sketches. (Jad Salts.)

WAAC, WCAO, WKRW, WHK, CFB,

WKRC, CKLW, WCAU, WNAU, WJA, WNAC, WBBM, KMOX, KMBC, W, KLZ, KSL, KERN, KMI, KHH, KOL, KFBK, KGB, KERC, KDB, KOL, KFP, KRG, KVI.

2:00 EDT (1/4)—Just Plain Bill.

(For stations see Monday.)

2:15 EDT (1/4)—Romance of Helen Tren

dramatic sketch.

(For stations see Monday.)

3:30 EDT (1/2)—Woman's Radio Review.

(For stations see Monday.)

4:00 EDT (1/4)—Betty and Bob.

(For stations see Monday.)

5:00 EDT (1/4)—Skippy.

(For stations see Monday.)

5:30 EDT (1/4)—The Singing Lady.

(For stations see Monday.)

5:30 EDT (1/4)—Jack Armstrong.

(For stations see Monday.)

5:30 EDT (1/4)—Frank Merriwell's Adventures.

(For stations see Monday.)

5:45 EDT (1/4)—Little Orphan Annie.

(For stations see Monday.)

6:00 EDT (1/2)—Xavier Cugat's Orchestra

with Mme. Frances Alda.

(For stations see Monday.)

6:00 EDT (1/4)—Buck Rogers.

(For stations see Monday.)

6:00 EDT (1/4)—Skippy.

(For stations see Monday.)

6:15 EDT (1/4)—Bobby Benson.

(For stations see Monday.)

6:30 EDT (1/4)—Jack Armstrong.

(For stations see Monday.)

6:45 EDT (1/4)—Lowell Thomas. News.

(For stations see Monday.)

6:45 EDT (1/4)—Little Orphan Annie.

(For stations see Monday.)

7:00 EDT (1/4)—Amos 'n' Andy.

(For stations see Monday.)

7:00 EDT (1/4)—Myrt and Marge.

(For stations see Monday.)

7:15 EDT (1/4)—Just Plain Bill.

(For stations see Monday.)

7:30 EDT (1/4)—Arlene Jackson, vocalist

orch. (Tasteeast.)

WEAF, WJAR, WOSH, WFRB, WRC, WGY, WTAM, WSAI, WTML, KSD, KGO.

7:30 EDT (1/4)—The Silver Dust Serenaders.

WAB, WOKO, WGR, WDRG, WCAU, WJAS, WFBL, WREC, WHAS, WVA, WRC.

7:30 EDT (1/4)—Buck Rogers.

(For stations see Monday.)

7:45 EDT (1/4)—Boake Carter.

(For stations see Monday.)

7:45 EDT (1/4)—The Goldbergs.

(For stations see Monday.)

8:00 EDT (1/2)—Lino Crime Clues. Edward

Reese and John MacBryde star in another

Spencer Dean mystery drama. Second

half tomorrow night.

WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WBZ, WRZA, KDKA, WGAR, WLW, WJR, WMAQ, KWK, WREN.

8:00 EDT (1/4)—Little Jack Little and his

orchestra. (Continental Baking Corp.)

WAAC, WADC, WNAC, WGR, WHK, CKLW, WDRG, WSPD, WJSV, WICC, WMBG, WHDC, WHAS, WVA, WBS, WBBM, WBSN, WFBM, WCOO, KMBC, KOMA, KMOX, WMT, WRR, KFB, KTAT, KLRA, WREC.

8:15 EDT (1/4)—The Voice of Experience.

(Wasey.)

WAAC and Columbia network.

8:30 EDT (1/2)—Lady Esther Serenade.

Wayne King's undulating dance music.

WEAF, WCAE, WBBM, WFI, WGY, WOSH, WTAR, WEEL, WJAR, WRC, WTAM, WJL, WSAI, WTML, KSD, WOC, WHO, WOV, KSTP, WMAQ, WKRP, WDAF, WKY, KPRC, WOAI, WSM, WSB, WMC, WMB, WFAA.

8:30 EDT (1/2)—Conrad Thibault, baritone;

Lois Bennett, soprano; Harry Salter's

orch.; choir. (Hudson Motor.)

WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WBZ, WRZA, WHAM, WGAR, WLW, WLS, KWCR, KSO, KWK, WREN, KOIL.

(Station list incomplete.)

9:00 EDT (1/2)—Walter Winchell's palmy-

wals, Bennie Bernie and his Blue Ribbon

orchestra. (Pabst.)

WEAF, WFRB, WEEL, WOSH, WBBM, WCAE, WVA, WWJ, WRC, WTAR, WJAR, WGY, WTAM, WLW, WFI, KSD, WHO, WSM, WSMR, WOAI, WFAA, KSTP, KFYR, WOC, WOV, WMC, WKY, KPRC, WTML, WDAY, WBAP, WLS, KOA. (See also 12:00 Midnight EDT.)

9:00 EDT (1/2)—Edgar A. Guest, verse; Alice

Mock, soprano; vocal trio; Josef Roest-

ner's Orchestra, make up Household Mu-

sical Memories.

WJZ, WBZ, WRZA, WHAL, WHAM, KDKA, WJR, WSYR, WKBF, WREN, KSO, KWK, WLS.

9:15 EDT (1/4)—Hay-ho. Here's Ruth Etting

with Johnny Green's orchestra and a

chorus. (Oldsmobile.)

WAAC, WAAB, WADC, WBT, WCAH, WCAO, WCAU, WDAE, WDRG, WEAN, WFBL, WHEC, WHK, WICC, WJAS, WJSV, WKRW, WKRC, WNAC, WOKO, WQAM, WSPD, WTAR, WTCC, CKLW, KFH, KLRA, KMBC, KMOX, KOMA, KSCJ, KTRH, KTSB, WBBM, WBRG.

(Continued on page 74)

Music by Gershwin

(Continued from page 71)

Afternoon after school he ditched the gang and hung around from three o'clock till four-thirty waiting for Maxie to come out. Interested in music! But George and Maxie were friends from that moment on just the same. It was George the kids called Maggie now. He pretended not to care. He took Maxie, the child prodigy, home with him and showed him how he could play the piano. "You're bum," said Maxie, nothing if not frank. "You'll never be any good." George's own mother wanted him to give up the piano, too, especially as the years drew on and he got ready to leave high school. (George was never any good in school. Two years at the High School of Commerce was as far as he got.) "I should let my son be a no-good piano player for fifteen a week!" said Mrs. Gershwin.

And that was just how much he got when he went to work as a plugger in Tin Pan Alley. George stood the noise for three or four years and then took a job pounding a piano at Fox's City Theater. He figured if he could find a little quiet he might be able to write some songs of his own.

The first night at the theater an act with half a dozen chorus girls and a comedian came out on the stage. George began thumping out the smudged bundle of music they had handed him before the performance. About halfway through it struck him that he was playing one song and the girls were singing another. The comedian came down to the footlights, leaned over to look at him in the pit, and asked, "Say, are you a piano player or a drummer?" George got up, put on his hat, went out to the box office and asked for his pay.

Next he tackled a revue. It was called "Half Past Eight," and it opened in Syracuse, advertising "A Chorus of Fifty New York Beauties." As a matter of fact it didn't have a single chorus girl. The newspapers said, "Not worth the war tax" which was a dime. And that was all.

"People are sore because there aren't any chorus girls," George realized. "Look tonight we'll dress all the men up in Japanese kimonos and let them do a dance. They can hold Japanese parasols in front of their faces and the audience'll think they're girls."

It was a swell idea except that, when the time came, the cheap paper parasols refused to open. They stuck. The audience could see the girls well enough to know they weren't girls, especially since half of them were black.

But just about then Al Jolson, playing his own show, "Sinbad," heard an orchestra somewhere playing a tune that tickled his sense of rhythm and, more important, his sense of showmanship. Its name was "Swanee." He bought the rights to it and sang it in "Sinbad." It spread over the country like wildfire. There was

(Continued on page 75)

MAYBELLINE eye make-up lends glamour to "smart 25"

MAYBELLINE eye make-up adds charm to "sweet 16"

MAYBELLINE eye make-up takes 10 years from "only 38"

Maybelline EYE MAKE-UP Beautifies EVERY TYPE

BEAUTIFUL eyes are your best asset at any age. Study the types shown above and see how each age is made charming by the addition of Maybelline Mascara to darken the lashes, Maybelline Eye Shadow to delicately shade the eyelids, and Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil to form graceful, expressive eyebrows. Then there is the delightful Maybelline Eyelash Grower, a pure, nourishing cream that will stimulate the natural growth of the lashes when applied nightly before retiring. Last, but not least, is the dainty, yet strongly constructed, Maybelline Eyebrow Brush for brushing and training the brows and lashes. Try these five famous eye beautifiers today and learn why over ten million women insist on genuine Maybelline eye beauty aids—for highest quality, purity, and harmless effectiveness. Purse sizes of all Maybelline eye cosmetics may be had at 10¢ each at all leading 10¢ stores.



The Approved Mascara



Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil

smoothly forms the eyebrows into graceful, expressive lines, giving a perfect, natural effect. Of highest quality, it is entirely harmless, and is clean to use and to carry. Black and Brown.



Maybelline Eye Shadow

delicately shades the eyelids, adding depth, color and sparkle to the eyes. Smooth and creamy, absolutely pure. Blue, Brown, Blue-Grey, Violet, and Green.



Maybelline Eyebrow Brush

Regular use of this specially designed brush will train the brows to lie flat and smooth at all times. Extra long county-grip handle, and sterilized bristles, kept clean in a cellophane wrapper.



Maybelline Eyelash Grower

pure and harmless, stimulates the natural growth of the eyelashes and eyebrows. Apply before retiring.

Music by Gershwin

(Continued from page 73)

no radio in those days, but 2,250,000 phonograph records alone were sold of it, to say nothing of the sheet music.

George Gershwin was made. He was famous overnight. He had written "Swanee."

He is still pretty much the same kid that wrestled on the dirty asphalt of Seventh Street and never could keep one pants leg up. Luck made him first a Maggie and then a millionaire—but, way down deep, he still wishes he was a mugg. Here's the story about him that I'll always remember. Seeing some kids playing baseball on a vacant lot one afternoon he stopped on the sidewalk to watch. One of the kids said, "Wanna play, Mister?" George's eyes shone, but his face fell. He walked away. "Naw," he said, "I gotta be careful of my hands."

They're insured for a couple of hundred thousand.

But he would have given both of them at that moment, just to play one game of ball.

From Invalid's Bed to Broadway

(Continued from page 63)

and he felt the experiment worth while, though he never deluded himself that he was "set." Then he came to New York, got a movie contract and went to Hollywood to work in a picture.

Life, to Walter, was just one great, big glorious adventure! He was broadening his experiences and realized it. It was 1920 and life looked pretty sweet.

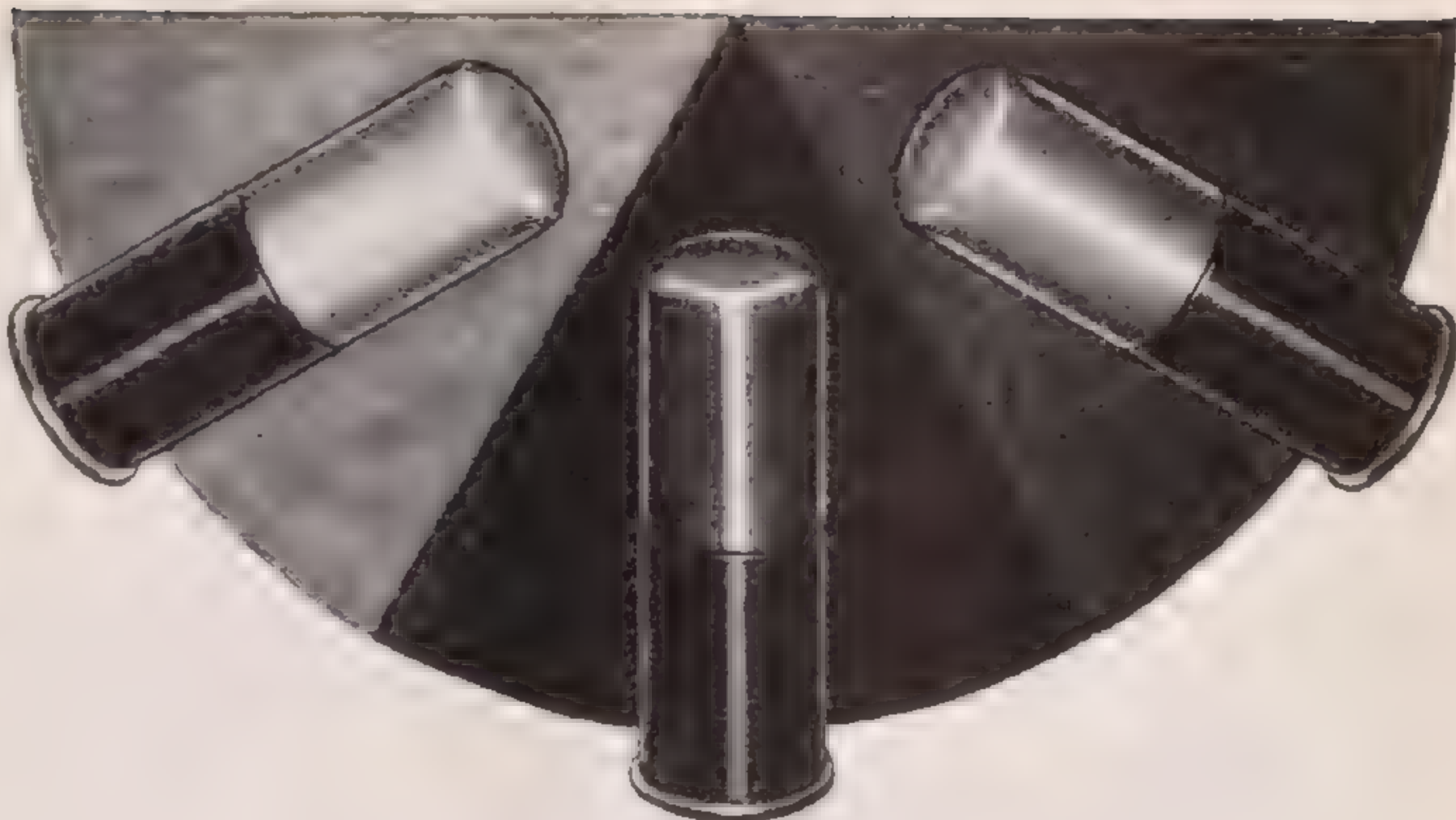
Then came the bolt which swept the country, mowing down some of its youngest, finest and strongest! The infantile paralysis epidemic! It spread like wild-fire, striking indiscriminately, affecting high and low, descending upon Hyde Park and crippling a fine, upstanding young politician, one Franklin D. Roosevelt, then going here, there and everywhere leaving in its wake thwarted lives, thwarted hopes and thwarted careers.

For three long months Walter lay on his back in a hospital in Hartford while the O'Keefes just waited—and prayed—prayed until their prayers were answered.

Walter simply won't talk of that time, without one actually demanding, and when he does, it's with the flippancy of the Walter O'Keefe of today.

"It was just a question of whether one leg would be shorter than the other, and anyway after two weeks I had a hunch I was going to recover! I promised myself that when I did, I would go right on the stage. Lying there I realized that it was

(Continued on page 77)



Spend 10¢ and
receive attractive Lipstick, 50¢ value
to acquaint you with the marvelous
LINIT BEAUTY BATH

ANY WOMAN would be delighted to have one or more of these attractive, long-lasting, waterproof lipsticks. You have three popular shades to choose from (see coupon below) and you will be amazed at their genuine quality and real value—yet they cost you only 10¢ each.

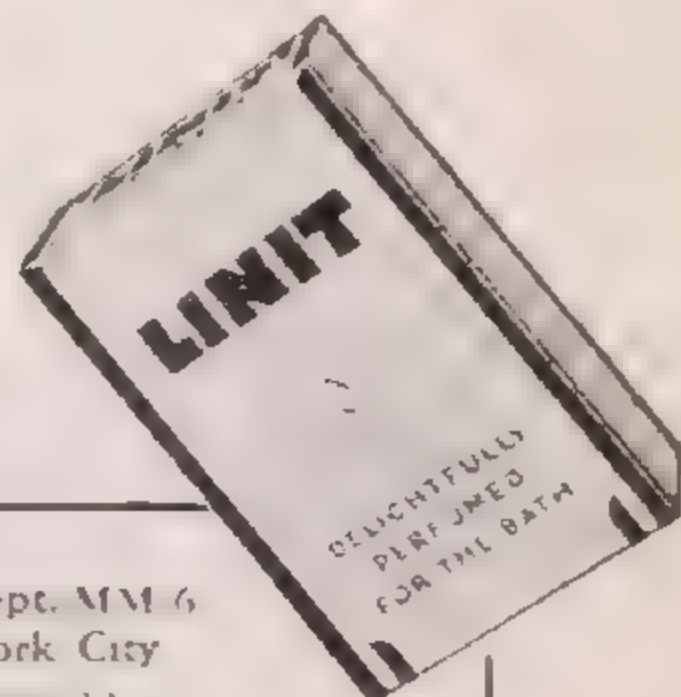
This generous offer is made possible by the makers of LINIT, that well-known Beauty Bath preparation that is used by fastidious women everywhere—to keep the skin as soft and smooth as velvet. You will be fascinated by a LINIT Beauty Bath and its *instant* results in beautifying your skin.

Merely send the top from a LINIT package with 10¢ (to cover cost of wrapping and postage) for EACH lipstick desired, using the coupon printed below.



LINIT is sold by
grocers and
department stores.

THIS OFFER good in U. S. A.
only and expires Sept. 1, 1934



CORN PRODUCTS REFINING CO., Dept. MM-6
P. O. Box 171, Trinity Station, New York City

Please send me _____ Lipstick(s). Shade(s) as checked below. I enclose _____ and _____ LINIT package top(s).

☐ Light ☐ Medium ☐ Dark

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

The UNKISSED WIFE



Not that she's never kissed. But she no longer wins the kind she wants. He seems to kiss her hastily, gingerly...

The reason is, a man hates to kiss paint. Yet he never even notices a lipstick like Tangee. For Tangee colors your lips without painting them. It intensifies your natural coloring and becomes part of your lips, not a coating.

LOOKS ORANGE—ACTS ROSE

Unlike ordinary lipsticks, Tangee isn't paint. It changes color when applied. In the stick, Tangee is orange. On your lips, it's your natural shade of rose! So it cannot possibly make you look painted. Its special cream-base soothes and softens dry peeling lips. Goes on smoothly and gives lips a satin smooth sheen! Get Tangee today—39¢ and \$1.10 sizes. Also in Theatrical, a deeper shade for professional use. (See coupon offer below.)



UNTOUCHED—Lips left untouched are apt to have a faded look...make the face seem older.

PAINTED—Don't risk that painted look. It's coarsening and men don't like it.

TANGEE—Intensifies natural color, restores youthful appeal, ends that painted look.



Cheeks mustn't look painted, either. So use Tangee Rouge. Gives same natural color as the lipstick. Now in reliable gun-metal case. Tangee Refills save money.

Don't be switched! Insist upon Tangee. And patronize the store that gives you what you ask for.

World's Most Famous Lipstick TANGEE

ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

★ 4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET

THE GEORGE W. LUFT COMPANY MM64
417 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Rush Miracle Make-Up Set of miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin).

Check Shade ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Programs Day by Day

(Continued from page 71)

columinist; Three Scamps; Charles Lyon. WIZ, WMAL, WBZ, WBZA, WHAM, KDKA, WGAR, WWSN, WIS, WJAX, WIOD, WFLA, WSYR, WCKY, WPTT, KWK, KWK, KSO, KOIL, WREN, WSM, WMC, WSH, WAPL, WJDX, WSMR, WKY, WFAA, KPRC, WOAI, KTBS, WVAZ, WBRF.

10:00 EDT (1/2)—Ted Fiorito and his orchestra. (Light an Old Gold.) WABC, WADL, WOKO, WCAO, WNA, WCAU, W3XAU, WEAN, WSPD, WQAM, WDAI, WIEZ, WLT, WLBW, WHP, WMB, WILC, WORG, WKBW, WKRC, CKLW, WDKC, WJAS, WFL, WISA, WBO, WPG, WIC, WCAH, WHE, WFLA, WDBJ, WTOG, WNAS, WFK, WTAZ, WBBM, WOWO, WPM, KMBC, WCDN, WHAS, KMOX, WGST, WRC, WDO, KRLD, KTRH, KLBA, WREC, WCO, WLAC, WDSU, KOMA, WARD, KPSA, WIBW, WACO, WMT, KSL, WNA, WKHL, KFOR, KLZ, KSL, KFR, KDB, KOL, KFPY, KWC, KVI, KOH, KERN, KMJ, KHJ, KOIN, KFER, KGB, KMB.

10:00 EDT (1/2)—Corn Cob Pipe Club of Virginia. Barnyard music; male quartet. (Light some Edgeworth.) WFAF, WFLC, WTAG, WTAM, WLW, WSH, WRC, WGY, WCAE, WEE, WBR, WLT, WBN, WWJ, WJR, WBC, WDAY, KFYR, KSTP, WENR, KSD, WOC, WHO, WOW, WDAF, WTMJ, WIBA, KOA, KGH, KHR, KDYL, KGO, KFL, KGW, KOMO, KHQ.

10:30 EDT (1)—Albert Spalding, violinist; Conrad Thibault, baritone; Don Voorhees Orchestra. (Centaur Co.) WABC, WNA, WGH, WCAU, WDR, WJAN, WJAS, WOKO, WORG, KTRH, CKAC, WCAO, WFL, WHK, WJSV, WKRC, CKLW, WBBM, WOWO, KIRA, KMBC, KMOX, KOMA, KTRH, KTS, WRC, WCO, WDO, WDSU, WFBM, WGST, WHAS, WLAC, WMT, WREC, WRR, KTAT, WIBW, KLZ, KSL, KFPY, KFER, KGB, KHJ, KOIN, KOL, KVI, KERN, KMJ, KFER, KDB, KWC.

10:30 EDT (1/2)—Conoco Travel Adventures. dramatic sketch; Irvin Talbot's Orchestra. WIZ, WBAL, WMAL, WSYR, WHAM, KDKA, WGAR, WJR, WCKY, WRVA, WENR, KWK, KSO, WREN, KOIL, WTMJ, WIBA, WBC, WDAY, KFYR, WKY, WFAA, KPRC, KOA, KDYL.

10:45 EDT (1/4)—Myrt and Marge. (For stations see Monday.)

11:00 EDT (1/4)—Amos 'n' Andy. (For stations see Monday.)

THURSDAYS

(May 3rd, 10th, 17th, 24th and 31st.)

6:45-7:00-7:20-7:45-8:00 A. M. EDT—Tower Health Exercises. (For stations see Monday.)

8:30 EDT (1/2)—Cheerio. (For stations see Monday.)

9:45 EDT (1/4)—The Mystery Chef. (For stations see Tuesday.)

10:15 EDT (1/4)—Chara, Lu 'n' Em. (For stations see Monday.)

10:15 EDT (1/4)—Visiting with Ida Bailey Allen's Radio Home Makers. WABC, WADC, WGR, WCAU, W3XAU, WDR, WEAN, WFL, WHK, WJAS, WJSV, WKRC, WNA, WOKO, WSPD, CKLW, KMBC, KMOX, WBBM, WFBM, WHAS, WOWO.

10:30 EDT (1/4)—Today's Children. (For stations see Tuesday.)

11:00 EDT—Home Economics. (For stations see Tuesday.)

11:30 EDT (1/4)—Tony Wons. (For stations see Tuesday.)

11:30 EDT (1/4)—Himalene Carnival. (For stations see Tuesday.)

12:00 Noon EDT (1/4)—Commodore's Male Quartet with Gene Arnold. (For stations see Monday.)

12:00 EDT (1/4)—The Voice of Experience. (For stations see Monday.)

12:30 EDT (1)—National Farm and Home Hour. (For stations see Monday.)

1:00 EDT (1/4)—Marie, the Little French Princess. (For stations see Tuesday.)

1:15 EDT (1/4)—Joan Marrow, music. (For stations see Tuesday.)

1:30 EDT (1/4)—Easy Aces. (For stations see Tuesday.)

2:00 EDT (1/4)—Just Plain Bill. (For stations see Monday.)

2:15 EDT (1/4)—Romance of Helen Trent. (For stations see Monday.)

3:30 EDT (1/2)—Woman's Radio Review. (For stations see Monday.)

4:00 EDT (1/4)—Betty and Bob. (For stations see Monday.)

5:00 EDT (1/4)—Skippy. (For stations see Monday.)

5:30 EDT (1/4)—The Singing Lady. (For stations see Monday.)

5:30 EDT (1/4)—Jack Armstrong. (For stations see Monday.)

5:45 EDT Stamp Adventurers' Club. (Doggie Dinner.) WABC, WOKO, WAAP, WKBW, WDR, WCAU, WJAS, WEAN, WORG, WLT. (See also 7:45 P. M. EDT.)

5:45 EDT (1/4)—Little Orphan Annie. (For stations see Monday.)

6:00 EDT (1/2)—Naxier Cugat's dinner music. (For stations see Monday.)

6:00 EDT (1/4)—Buck Rogers. (For stations see Monday.)

6:00 EDT (1/4)—Skippy. (For stations see Monday.)

6:15 EDT (1/4)—Bobby Benson. (For stations see Monday.)

6:30 EDT (1/4)—Jack Armstrong. (For stations see Monday.)

6:45 EDT (1/4)—Lowell Thomas. (For stations see Monday.)

6:45 EDT (1/4)—Little Orphan Annie. (For stations see Monday.)

6:45 EDT (1/4)—Stamp Adventurers' Club. (Doggie Dinner.) WOKO, WCAO, WFL, WHEC, WREC, WHK, WBS, CKLW, WBBM, WJSV, WSPD. (See also 7:45 P. M. EDT.)

7:00 EDT (1/4)—Amos 'n' Andy. (For stations see Monday.)

7:00 EDT (1/4)—Myrt and Marge. (For stations see Monday.)

7:15 EDT (1/4)—Just Plain Bill. (For stations see Monday.)

7:30 EDT (1/4)—The Mollie Show. (For stations see Monday.)

7:30 EDT (1/4)—Silver Dust Serenaders. (For stations see Tuesday.)

7:30 EDT (1/4)—Buck Rogers. (For stations see Monday.)

7:45 EDT (1/4)—Boake Carter. (For stations see Monday.)

7:45 EDT (1/4)—The Goldbergs. (For stations see Monday.)

8:00 EDT (1)—Rudy Vallee; stage, screen and radio celebrities and Connecticut Yankees orchestra. (Fleischmann's Yeast.) WFAF, WSH, WRC, WCAE, CRCT, WJAX, WRVA, WTAG, WFL, WGY, WTAM, CF, WFLA, WLW, WEE, WBR, WBN, WWJ, WIOD, WJAR, WPTT, WMAQ, KSD, WOC, KSTP, WAPI, WJDX, WSM, WSR, WDAF, WERC, WDAY, WSM, WOAI, WBAP, KTHS, KFYR, WHO, WOW, WMC, WKY, KPRC, (WTMJ, KVOO on 8:30 EDT) KDYL, KOA, KTAR, KFL, KGO, KGW, KOMO, KHQ.

8:30 EDT (1/2)—Voice of America. Alexander Gray and Mary Eastman, Underwood singers and Nicholas Kemper's Orchestra with guest speaker. (Underwood Elliot Fisher Co.) WABC, WADC, WGR, WCAU, W3XAU, WDR, WEAN, WFL, WHK, WJAS, WJSV, WKRC, WNA, WOKO, WSPD, CKLW, KMBC, KMOX, WBBM, WFBM, WHAS, WOWO.

9:00 EDT (1)—Maxwell House Show Boat. (Captain Henry (Charles Winninger), Lanny Ross, tenor; Annette Hanshaw, blues singer; Conrad Thibault, baritone; Molluscs 'n' January, comedy; Show Boat Band. WFAF, WTAG, WEE, WJAR, WSH, WFL, WBR, WRC, WGY, WBN, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WSAL, WRVA, WWSN, WIS, WJAX, WIOD, WFLA, WCKY, WMAQ, KSD, WOC, WHO, WOW, WDAF, WTMJ, WJDX, WMC, WSE, WAPI, WSM, KTRH, WKY, KPRC, WOAI, WSM, WBAP, KSTP, KPSD, KTAR, KOA, KDYL, KGO, KFL, KGW, KOMO, KHQ.

9:00 EDT (1/2)—Death Valley Days, Thrills in the American desert. (20 Mule Team Borax.) WIZ, WBZ, WBAL, WBZA, WIR, WHAM, WLW, KDKA, WGAR, WLS, KOIL, WREN, KWK.

9:30 EDT (1/4)—Eddie Duchin's Orchestra. (For stations see Tuesday.)

9:30 EDT (1/2)—Waring's Pennsylvanians. (For stations see Sunday.)

10:00 EDT (1)—Whimsical wit of Deems Taylor: Paul Whiteman and his gifted entourage. (Kraft Cheese.) WFAF, WTAG, WBR, WBN, WWJ, WPTT, WJAX, WEE, WSH, WRC, WCAE, WLW, WNC, WIOD, WJAR, WFL, WGY, WTAM, WRVA, WIS, KSD, WMAQ, WOC, WHO, WOW, WSM, WBAP, KPRC, WTMJ, KSTP, WDAF, WSM, WDAY, KFYR, WKY, WTHS, KTBS, WOAI, WIBA, WBC, KOA, KDYL, KOMO, KGO, KFL, KGW, KHQ.

10:00 EDT (1/2)—Glen Gray's Orchestra. (For stations see Tuesday.)

10:45 EDT (1/4)—Myrt and Marge. (For stations see Monday.)

11:00 EDT (1/4)—Amos 'n' Andy. (For stations see Monday.)

FRIDAYS

(May 4th, 11th, 18th and 25th.)

6:45-7:00-7:20-7:45-8:00 A. M. EDT—Tower Health Exercises. (For stations see Monday.)

8:30 EDT (1/2)—Cheerio. (For stations see Monday.)

(Continued on page 98)

From Invalid's Bed to Broadway

(Continued from page 75)

what I had always wanted to do, had been subconsciously working toward!"

HE became well slowly, but he got completely well! He set about, then, actively forgetting an experience which might easily have overshadowed his entire life. He proved that he could forget the biggest thing which had ever happened to him. And he carefully retained the lyrics he had written in his desperate effort to keep his mind off less pleasant things and they got him a hearing with producers. Chief of these were, "I'm Gonna Dance With the Guy What Brung Me" and "Henry's Made a Lady Out of Lizzie."

One day he stood in a street group listening to a Salvation Army band. A singer was rendering the old hymn, "You Bring the One Next to You and I'll Bring the One Next to Me." As Walter listened a great light dawned. He didn't hear the words, but listened only to the things, terrible things, which the man did with his vocal chords.

"Applied to my lyrics this thing could be made very funny," he thought. Dropping a bill into the tambourine he asked the man to sing again.

That was the beginning of the "Broadway hill-billy." Walter was singing in Barney Gallant's night club in Greenwich Village at the time and that night when he began jiggling his vocal chords as the singer had done, he brought down the house. For three consecutive seasons Walter clowning in the way he liked best, persistently perfecting his singing technique and writing more and more riotous lyrics. Scouts for the Third Little Show found him. He seemed to them the ideal partner for Beatrice Lillie and her buffooneries—and he was! For eight months he made famous "When Yuba Plays the Tuba Down in Cuba" and "The Man on the Flying Trapeze!" Last year after only one audition he went on the air with Walter Winchell and the Lucky Strike Hour and this year he's going strong as the Nestle Chocolateer with Ethel Shutta.

THOSE dreadful months of illness, suspense and dark despair are now behind him—yet they doubtfully have left a deep impression on the man, for they caused him to develop those traits which have made him what he is. Looking into his eyes, those nice dark eyes, you know that no matter how casual he tries to be about the whole thing he has not, and will not, entirely forget it; you realize that the boy that was in the making was crystallized by the fever of his determination. But now he is laughing—or making others laugh!

The next time you hear "Michael O'Keefe's boy Walter" addressing his "dear parishioners" remember his new career as entertainer and forget all about what started him on it for that's exactly what Walter is doing and wants others to do.

YOU NEED
CURVES TO BE
ATTRACTIVE!



AMAZING NEW DOUBLE-TONIC ADDS 5 to 15 lbs. in few weeks

Quick new way to get lovely curves fast. Richest imported brewers' ale yeast concentrated 7 times and combined with iron

NOW there's no need to be "skinny" and lose your chances of making friends. Here's a new easy treatment that is giving thousands solid flesh and attractive curves—in just a few weeks!

Everybody knows that doctors for years have prescribed yeast to build up health. But now with this new discovery you can get far greater tonic results than with ordinary yeast—regain health, and also put on pounds of firm, good-looking flesh—and in a far shorter time.

Not only are thousands quickly gaining beauty-bringing pounds, but also clear radiant skin, glorious new pep.

Concentrated 7 times

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from specially cultured brewers' ale yeast imported from Europe—the richest yeast known—which by a new process is concentrated 7 times—made 7 times more powerful.

But that is not all! This marvelous, health-building yeast is then ironized with 3 kinds of strengthening iron.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, watch flat chest develop and skinny limbs round out attractively. Skin clears to beauty, new health comes—you're an entirely new person.

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money will be instantly refunded.

Only be sure you get *genuine* Ironized Yeast, not some inferior imitation. Look for the "IY" stamped on each tablet.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body", by a well-known authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—or money refunded. Sold by all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Dept. 36, Atlanta, Ga.

Don't Forget to Play

(Continued from page 51)



blood will tell—

WHAT a tonic rich, red-blood is to one's attractiveness!

Some people just hope when "run-down" that they will "come around."

It is just good sound reasoning that your so-called "tired feeling" may come from a lowered red-blood-cell count and the hemo-glo-bin in these cells.

There is a remedy specially designed to bring back strength to weakened blood...and no one can be strong, healthy, happy and full of vitality when in a run-down condition.

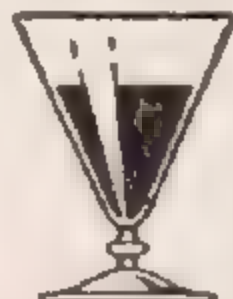
S.S.S. Blood Tonic is a time-tested remedy for restoring deficient red-blood-cells and a low hemo-glo-bin content.

If you suspect an organic disease consult your physician...if you feel weak...lack a keen appetite...if your skin is pale and off-color...try S.S.S. as a part of your regular daily diet. Take it just before meals. Unless your case is exceptional, you should soon notice a pick-up in your appetite...your color and skin should improve with increased strength and energy.

S.S.S. is not just a so-called tonic but a tonic specially designed to stimulate gastric secretions and also having the mineral elements so very, very necessary in rebuilding the oxygen-carrying hemo-glo-bin of the blood to enable you to "carry on" without exhaustion as you should naturally.

S.S.S. value has been proven by generations of use, as well as by modern scientific appraisal. It is truly a blood and body tonic.

You will find S.S.S. at all drug stores in two convenient sizes. © The S S S. Co.



builds sturdy health

had actually been proud of his ambitions that seemed to be running their life now.

Within a year she was sick and disgusted with New York, with blank apartment walls. Phil, evidently overworked and lacking sleep, was becoming irritable. He never wanted to go anywhere. Never wanted to do anything but work. Before long they were snapping at each other like two spoiled, hurt children. Finally they decided to call quits temporarily before their dream of love faded entirely.

Catherine would go home for a few months, she would rest up, allow the peace of the green fields to seep into her soul. When she came back they would both be refreshed, would try to make a go of things again.

So Phil put his wife on the train and went back alone to a cheerless apartment. "It was hell without her," he told me. "It took all the will power I could muster not to wire her begging her to come back, saying I'd become an office clerk for good, anything that would make it possible for us to spend our evenings together. My ambition almost broke our marriage. If my wife hadn't been such a good sport, she would never have come back to me."

Don't blame young Ducey too much for being a perfect fool, for sacrificing things more important than life itself, in order to get ahead. Everything in his life had conspired to make him a single-tracked person, had impressed upon him the absolute necessity of becoming a success.

HE was born on a ramshackle, rundown farm near Macy, Indiana, the youngest of eleven children in a poverty-stricken household. His father was discontented with farming. Early in life Phil realized that it was up to himself to get off the farm, to make his way in the world. He would go to the Big City. How he hated farm work, hated live stock. Somehow, he would manage to get away. There was only one way to do it. By work and more work. He would save up the money he earned, would go to college when he grew up. He would get book larnin', and be a somebody.

By the time he had graduated from the little country high school, he had amassed \$100 by dint of hard labor for neighboring farmers. That would just pay his tuition for the special four months teacher's training course given at Manchester College. One step forward in his struggle to escape farm work, he thought. He mowed lawns, tended furnaces, waited on tables to make both ends meet.

It was here he made his first great sacrifice to feed his ambition. There was one other person from his home town studying at the school with him: Sue L., whom he had worshiped from afar since childhood.

Her world seemed so distant from his that at home he had never had the nerve to approach her. The classroom served as a good leveler. Phil and Sue began to go to class together, to walk home together. Every moment he could spare from his

old jobs he spent with Sue. Their young love woke in him the ecstasy, the sweetness of life he had missed in his eternal struggle to keep one jump ahead of poverty.

BUT sitting around waiting for a boyfriend who was always working palled on her. The other girls would pass arm in arm with their young men, chatting gaily on the way to the town to a dance, or a movie. She felt desolate, unhappy. She needed amusement, too.

She began going out with other boys. Phil was hurt, bewildered. At the age of nineteen he lost faith in girls. They were lying, cheating, unreasonable, untrustworthy creatures. He would get along without them.

So he thought. Till he went back home to teach in the country school he had attended as a child. There he met Catherine Sroufe, the fourteen-year old daughter of a neighbor. "I had vowed I was through with women," he told me laughingly, "yet four weeks after I came home I was head over heels in love with this youngster, a high-school sophomore. And how crude I was! I took her home from a baseball game and just blurted out that I expected to marry her, eventually. She was so startled, poor kid. I don't think marriage had ever entered her mind." The young couple went around for six years before they were married.

Ducey taught school for two years, hoarding his \$420 yearly salary. He had saved enough to give him a start, he felt, and enrolled for a regular cultural course at the University of Indiana. He planned to teach high school in a big city when he got his degree. His teachers advised him to specialize in music; he had a fine baritone voice and a great deal of natural talent. There was a field for musical supervisors, for professional musicians, they assured him.

"It was a pretty tough battle," he said. "I had no time for athletics, no time for making friends among my classmates, no time for relaxation. There wasn't even time to dip into any of the books I handled in my library job."

"It was all I could do to keep up with the required reading for my class work, to practice voice exercises, piano. I had to budget my time so carefully I could tell you a month in advance exactly what I'd be doing any minute of any day."

"I never stopped to consider how unbalanced a life I was leading, how unsatisfactory my existence. I pushed all doubts aside. Success in music was my goal. I would attain it, come what might."

Ducey received his academic degree four years after he entered college. In two more he expected to win his Bachelor of Music, which would establish him as a professional musician. He had not made up his mind whether teaching music or becoming a singer or pianist would be his forte. Some day when he reached New York, it might be possible to study at a famous conservatory. He applied for a scholarship at the famous Juilliard School of Music in that city.

In his last year Duey went on tour with the Glee Club. "If I was to become professional singer, this was the time to acquire experience singing before public audiences," he said. So he went along, taking his first vacation in a dozen years.

The boys got back to school. Phil worked like mad to make up what he had missed. He couldn't neglect his outside jobs, either. It was no use. Five weeks before graduation he broke down, a complete wreck, exhausted mentally and physically. First he dropped an Italian course. Then one in music composition. He needed both to graduate. He had no time to make them up before commencement. His college career was ended. The degree for which he had saved six years, his Bachelor of Music degree, he never got. All because he had not taken a little time off to play!

The world seemed a pretty bleak place those last five weeks. But luck was with him. A few days before the term ended, he received word he had won the covetedilliard Scholarship entitling him to three years free post-graduate work in voice and piano, in New York. The scholarship was worth at least \$1500 a year. Phil felt excited; it would be an easy matter to pick up a job to support himself.

This time, though, he would not go alone. He wanted the companionship, the love of his sweetheart, Catherine Sroufe. He had waited patiently for him all these years. They got married, and came to New York.

You'd think he might have learned a lesson and soft-peddled work. But ambition was still uppermost in his mind. Since he was lucky enough to win the scholarship, he'd just have to make good. It meant working constantly. And within a year his bride had left him, and he was hoping against hope she would come back.

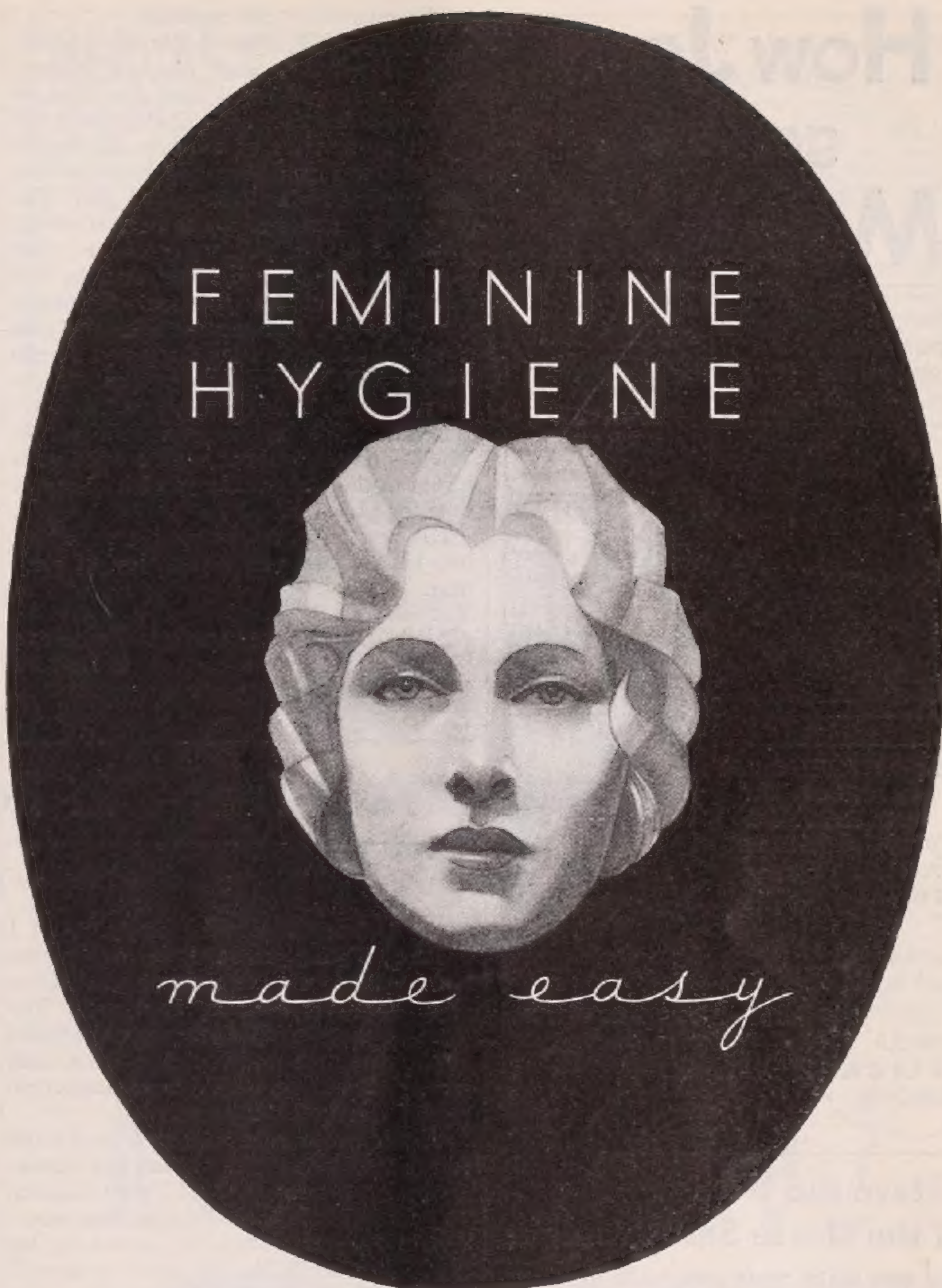
Catherine Duey did come back, several months later. "During her absence I had plenty of time to think things out," Phil said honestly. "I realized how silly I had been sacrificing my first love, then my health and social life, and now my wife, in order to attain professional success. Life was unbearable without Catherine. I determined to rearrange my method of living, to overhaul my lopsided philosophy of life. I would learn to play if it killed me."

IN his desire to make up for the empty years, he went to the opposite extreme. Instead of practicing he went to the movies, to all the shows in town. He and Catherine stayed up till the wee hours every morning.

He neglected his singing, too. "There were several opportunities to sing at nightclubs, at concerts that I dodged. I just couldn't rehearse, wouldn't practice. My ambition was dead. Just as long as I got by in school, and we managed to make both ends meet at home, I didn't care."

He even muffed his first chance for radio. A famous candy manufacturer had applied to his school for talent for a series of broadcasts. Phil Duey was among those selected to be auditioned. The night before he had been out very late. The audition was scheduled for ten in the morning.

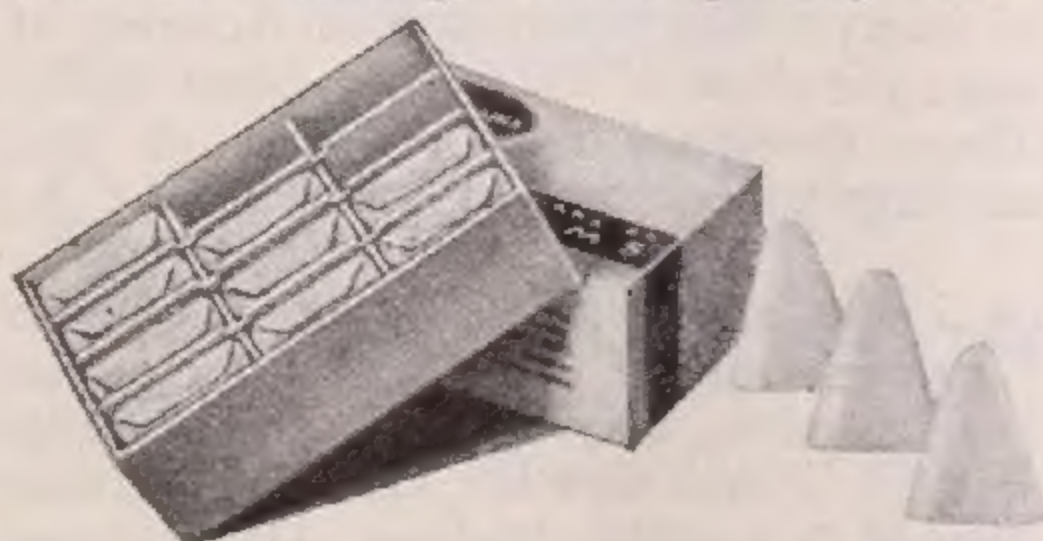
He set his alarm clock for eight-thirty. By the time it went off, his wife had gone to work. He angrily threw a pillow at it, and turned over for another snooze. When he finally woke up, it was too late to go



NORFORMS

MODERN....CONVENIENT....SAFE

Norforms are easy-to-use antiseptic suppositories that melt at internal body temperature, and spread a protective, soothing film over delicate membranes and tissue—an antiseptic film that remains in effective contact for many hours. Norforms contain *Parahydrecin*—a powerful new antiseptic developed by The



Norwich Pharmacal Company, makers of Unguentine. *Parahydrecin* kills germs, yet is harmless to tissue. There is no danger of an "over-dose" or "burn."

Norforms are completely ready for use. They require no awkward apparatus for application. They leave no lingering antiseptic smell around the room or about your person. They are dainty and feminine, and actually deodorizing. Many fastidious women use them for this purpose alone.

Send for booklet "The New Way," by Dr. M. W. Stofer. It gives further facts about modernized feminine hygiene. Or buy a box of Norforms at your druggist's today. 12 in a package, each individually foil wrapped.

The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Dept. 116, Norwich, New York.

Please send me Dr. Stofer's Norform booklet in plain envelope. I want to know more about "The New Way" to safe, easy feminine hygiene.

Name _____

Address _____



How JOAN got her "MOVIE EYES"



Have the Witching Eyes of the Movie Stars Tonight

You can make your eyes wells of allure... get exactly the same effect the movie and stage stars do—*instantly!* Simply darken the lashes and brows with the wonderful make-up they use—called DELICA-BROW. In a few seconds DELICA-BROW makes your eyes look bigger, brighter... irresistible. Try it tonight. It's waterproof, too. Remember the name, DELICA-BROW. At all toilet goods counters and at the 10c stores.



3 Perfumes

(Exquisite new odors)

SUBTLE, fascinating, alluring. Sells regularly for \$12.00 an ounce. Made from the essence of flowers:—
A single drop lasts a week! Send only

Three odors:
(1) Romanza
(2) Lily of the Valley
(3) Esprit de France

To quickly introduce these new perfumes I'll send you with my compliments trial bottles of all three for only 30c (silver or stamps) to pay for postage and handling. Only one set to each new customer.

PAUL RIEGER
232 First St. San Francisco, Calif.

30¢

to the studio for the audition.

Abruptly, that sobered him up. He decided he wouldn't miff his next chance. The realization dawned upon him that he was as much a fool as he had been in the old days; the rôle of playboy did not fit him. It was possible to balance his life, to allot time for both work and play. The day was long enough not to neglect either.

With this new philosophy of life, Phil Duey got ahead much faster than he had before. One of his Juilliard classmates, Henry Swope, had secured a singing job at National Broadcasting Company. A trio was to be organized—the present "Men-About-Town." A baritone was needed. He suggested Phil for the job. Phil got it. The \$50 he received per week seemed quite a sum to the Dueys. The job left plenty of time for play, too.

His new freedom was putting something into his voice—a new note of joy, of gladness.

GRADUALLY he came into his own on the air. He got a contract to sing for Prophylactic; for Atwater Kent; for Gen-

eral Motors. Since 1928 we've been hearing him more and more. Today he is on the air every day except Thursday. He's with the "Men-About-Town," with the "Manhattan-Merry-Go-Round," with the Terraplane programs. He is featured soloist for the Phillip Morris hour; monthly guest on the Jack Frost program.

He has learned at last how to combine work and play. He charts his day so that almost half is left for recreation, for his family.

The Dueys—there are four of them now—have a beautiful home in Larchmont. James Philip is six; Barbara Nell, three. Phil loves to putter around at home, to fuss in the garden, to play with the kids.

This man, who less than a dozen years ago had a nervous breakdown because of overwork, who lost one woman because he refused to take time off for play, who almost lost his wife, actually turned down a lucrative contract with a shoe concern recently. "It would take up too much time," he told me simply. "It doesn't pay—I'd rather earn a little less and have time to live, to be with my family."

A 9-Year-Old Boy Started WLW

(Continued from page 39)

I saw him in Cincinnati recently. "And I decided if that crude little contraption could work so well the ultimate possibilities of broadcasting must be limitless." The more he thought of this, the more convinced he became that radio was a field that needed pioneering. And, more important, a field that *he* could pioneer.

Within two months the old billiard room on the second floor of his home had become a working laboratory. And Powel Crosley, Jr., was in the broadcasting business—with a 20-watt transmitter known by the call letters as 8CR. "In good weather I could get amateurs in Madisonville, Ohio, and once I got Troy," he told me.

But what of his regular business, his trade in woodwork, automobile parts and phonographs? He couldn't neglect them. "But why," he said to himself, "can't I combine radio with the other things? And why can't I use radio to promote the rest of the business?"

And right there was born the idea for one of America's first commercial broadcasts—Powel Crosley playing records from his own phonograph factory and expounding their merits to the few dozen people who might be listening to his 20 watter.

You must remember the tremendous tide of interest that flowed across America as news got about of the miracle called Radio. There developed then the first of that amazing tribe known as radio fans.

AS the rage spread, more and more people wanted to listen. Where can we buy radio sets, they demanded. That query was all Powel Crosley needed to launch himself into a new business. The business of manufacturing radio apparatus. Immediately, his workmen were able to produce a crystal set which sold for only \$15.00, by far the cheapest on the market. By December 25, 1921, his best seller was a bulky cabinet that held coils and condensers and

a single vacuum tube priced at \$20.00. Of course, such cheap sets spread the radio vogue like wild fire. And suddenly Crosley was confronted with a Frankenstein of his own making. People who lived far beyond the limits of his broadcasting station were buying radio receivers. Then they complained that they could hear nothing. Well, there was one way to solve that problem. Newspapers soon announced that Powel Crosley intended to erect a new 50-watt station.

You can have no idea of what a furore that simple statement caused. Protests, complaints, and cat-calls rolled back at the startled radio pioneer like a tidal wave. Monopolist, he was called. And air-hog. Fifty watts, indeed; why, it would blanket the air! All other stations would be overwhelmed by such "super power." Momentarily, Crosley was nonplussed. Though there was nothing in the history of this infant industry to support his arguments, he was certain he was going about it in the right way. So he went to the city fathers and the presidents of clubs, and he sold them on the idea that such a station as he proposed, being heard over most of Ohio and Kentucky, would be the greatest civic advertisement Cincinnati could ever have.

In March of 1922, WLW went on the air for the first time and Powel Crosley, Jr., crossed his Rubicon at the cost of exactly \$2,500.

What a station opening that was. Now the city of Cincinnati was firmly behind him. The whole town flocked about the streets before the radio dealer's tiny store which was the studio of WLW. Delegations sent flowers, distinguished visitors arrived in top hats. The broadcast that went over the air that day made microphone history.

I want you to know the size of the orchestra which broadcast that famous after-

noon to Ohio and Kentucky. Five pieces, it was, and they all played at the same time. So varied an instrumentation presented a new problem in broadcasting technique. The adroit Mr. Crosley solved it by attaching a cheer-leader's megaphone to his old carbon mike. If you had been in Powel Crosley's shoes then, you might have wondered far into the night whether or not you had mis-spent your \$2,500. Of course, the compliments of the mayor and the board of alderman and the heads of the various clubs had been sweet enough. But would the public like his show? Would they buy sets and ask for more? The morning's mailmen brought the answer. Two postmen arrived staggering under brimming bags of mail. Crosley piled the envelopes into the nearest receptacles he could find. They happened to be two grocery baskets, and the letters filled them to overflowing. Today, fan mail is an ordinary phenomenon of broadcasting, but then, it was a miracle. And those two baskets proved to Crosley that he was right. From that day to this, his faith in this amazing thing called broadcasting has never wavered.

DON'T think that he was, even then, doing all this for the fun of it. With him, radio was long past the stage of being an amusing hobby. But now, he realized the power of the thing he had strayed into and began a shrewd campaign to increase his factory's production of sets, and at the same time to step up the power of station WLW. From 50 watts to 500, is quite a leap, isn't it? But that is exactly what he planned.

This time, his plans met an obstacle in an entirely unexpected direction. The new Radio Commission, set up under Herbert Hoover who was then Secretary of Commerce, was meeting in Washington to debate the question of whether or not all radio stations should be limited to a maximum of 500 watts power. Crosley went to them at once and presented his arguments. There must be something arrestingly magnetic about this man, some hidden power that enables him to have his way with other men—for when he emerged from this meeting, he had gotten the Commission's consent to raise his power to the limit. And that was only half of his victory that day. The Commission granted him additional permission for experiments with the unheard of power of 5000 watts. Only one reservation was made. "Move this powerful thing out in the country and away from your city," they directed. So, WLW moved to Harrison, O., 20 miles from Cincinnati, far enough to keep its "malignant rays" from affecting the homes and business houses of Ohio's chief metropolis.

By this time, you know what sort of man was directing the destiny of this surging, soaring station. From 5000 watts, Crosley went to 50,000 watts. And the entire nation began to hear his programs. Presently, residents in every state in the union and many foreign countries were writing and wiring their appreciation of "The Nation's Station."

BUT even this is not the end of WLW's story. About 18 months ago, Powel Crosley went to Washington and persuaded the Federal Radio Commission to give to him the right to experiment with a station ten times stronger than any now existing

"NERVES CONQUERED" JITTERY JANE & JOHN FIND HAPPINESS AGAIN!



Try KONJOLA for "Nervousness"

America's Wonder Medicine

In every corner of the country, you hear wonder stories about America's famous medicine, KONJOLA. No doubt, some of your neighbors use it, it is so widely relied on.

In cases of "nervousness", as well as stomach troubles, rheumatism and allied ailments, many thousands of users claim virtual miracles for Konjola. If you suffer from a "nervous" on-edge condition, you owe it to yourself at least to TRY this wonder medicine.

Konjola is a special mixture of extracts of Nature's own roots and herbs. Not one is a habit-forming drug. Its function is simply to mix with the foods in your



stomach and help your own system throw off health-destroying poisons... If you are nervous, irritable... If you perhaps suffer from some disorder of the liver, stomach, or bowel... it seems plain common sense to try this amazingly popular medicine at once. You can get it under the name KONJOLA at any drug store.

KIDNAPPED?



SOMETHING was happening down in the big vaulted living-room that was to make Joan's adventure sound like a daring and fantastic lie. Everyone was grouped around the radio listening to words that they thought affected the little tramp that had descended on them. The music had suddenly stopped and a voice began to talk.

"I want to interrupt the program, folks, to tell you all to watch out for an unusually pretty blond girl of nineteen. She's Brenda Vanderhough, the daughter of the millionaire sportsman George T. Vanderhough. She disappeared from her father's house in Southbury, Connecticut, this afternoon at about five o'clock."

How Joan, the little bank stenographer unintentionally posed as a wealthy heiress and how she finally won the man she adored is a beautiful romance. This love story "The Old Thrill" is a feature novelette appearing complete in the June issue of SWEETHEART STORIES. Get a copy today at your nearest newsstand

Sweetheart
Stories
10¢



Radio Stars (artists) make whoopee at RADIO STARS' (magazine) party. Here are a few of the 195 who attended. In the front row, from left to right, smiling Vincent Lopez, Freddie Rich and Leon Belasco, the maestros. Behind them are Bonnie Poe (Betty Boop), Shirley Howard, Pianists Sandra Phillips and Peggy Keenan with two friends, Tony Wons, Connie Gates, Arlene Jackson and Conrad Thibault.